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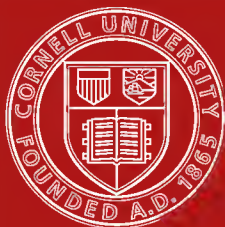
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# PSEUDO-SHAKESPEARIAN PLAYS.

EDITED

BY

KARL WARNKE, PH. D.

AND

LUDWIG PROESCHOLDT, PH. D.

V. ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

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HALLE:

MAX NIEMEYER.

1888.



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# ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

*in*. March 23 89 in reviving this ed. thinks th. the play has  
touches here & there by Shakspeare. That the passage p. 44 vv. 110-  
can be by a 20th hand

REVISED AND EDITED

(date 1592)

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

KARL WARNKE, PH. D.

*Buller's reprint (1592) of  
by Pickering & Chatto (12 vol  
1891 for 12/*

AND

LUDWIG PROESCHOLDT, PH. D.

HALLE:

MAX NIEMEYER.

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# INTRODUCTION.



*Arden of Feversham* was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company on 8th April, 1592. In the same year the play was printed with the title: '*The lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent. Who was most wickedlye murdered, by the meanes of his disloyall and wanton wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruffins Blackwill and Shakkbag, to kill him. Wherin is shewed the great mallice and discimulation of a wicked woman, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust and the shamefull end of all murderers. Imprinted at London for Edward White, dwelling at the lyttle North dore of Paules Church at the signe of the Gun. 1592.*' A copy of the first edition (A) is preserved in the Bodleian Library; there is another copy of it in the Dyce Library at South Kensington; of the latter a few leaves at the end are wanting and are replaced by facsimile. A second quarto of the play (B), bearing the same title as A, was published in 1599; there seems to be only one copy of this edition extant, preserved in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. A third quarto (C) was printed in 1633 '*by Eliz. Allde dwelling neere Christs Church.*' (Several copies in the British Museum).

The text as handed down in these editions offers on the whole no great difficulties, and seems not to require so many alterations as modern editors have thought fit to introduce into it. The division of lines being very irregular, the play was probably printed from a stage-copy, and not from the author's own manuscript.

The second edition, which has been accessible to us only through the notes in Mr. Bullen's edition of the play, must be considered as a mere reprint of the first quarto; cp., e. g., III. 3. 10 *thoughts* for *thought*, ib. 4. 18 *frons* f. *front*, IV. 1. 95 *semell* f. *cement*, ib. 2. 24 *as* f. *has*, ib. 4. 41 *sutors* f. *shuters*; only in very few instances of little or no importance the readings of B differ from those of A; cp. I. 1. 141 *none but* f. *only*, ib. 459 *had* f. *hath*, II. 2. 165 *the* f. *thy*.

The quarto of 1633 was printed from the second edition; cp., particularly, I. 1. 364 *your* f. *our*, ib. 474 *remained* f. *remainder*, II. 2. 98 *metled* f. *metled*, III. 1. 76 *there* f. *thee*, ib. 2. 22 *me in the telling me* f. *to in telling me*, ib. 54 *his* f. *this*, IV. 1. 60 *pricks* f. *prickles*, ib. 3. 27 *companions* f. *companyes*, V. 1. 332 *filthy* om. Besides these C offers a great many readings different from A and B. All these alterations, however, bear quite an arbitrary character, and have no value at all for the re-establishment of the text. Very often words are omitted or added, mostly for the purpose of smoothing the metre; cp. I. 1. 18 *day* om., ib. 67 *I* om., ib. 162 *that* om., ib. 187 *this* om., ib. 283 *it* om., ib. 334 *now* om., ib. 408 *other* om., ib. 429 *so it shall* om., ib. 467 *were* om., ib. 590 *sweete Ales* om. &c, and I. 245 *not* add., II. 1. 50 *down to* f. *down*, ib. 71 *Ile goe backe* f. *Ile backe*, III. 5. 112 *else* add., ib. 135 *fie* add., V. 1. 9 *done* add. &c. In other instances words are altered without any plausible reason at all, cp. I. 1. 57 *rise* f. *get vp*, ib. 68 *to* f. *in*, ib. 270 *beare* f. *shew*, ib. 308 *Ile put* f. *I pocket*, ib. 586 *cheerefully* f. *chereely*, II. 1. 93 *mightily* f. *highly* &c. Let us also add that in a number of cases the grammatical forms are altered in C (*thine* f. *thy*, *come* f. *comes*, *comest* f. *comes* &c.), and that the verse-lines now and then are somewhat more regular than in B. On the whole, there can be no doubt that the *Editio princeps* of the play, in spite of many misprints and some mistakes, is superior to A and B, and must be the basis of a new edition of the play.

In 1770, Edward Jacob, an inhabitant of Feversham, issued a new edition of the play based on the first quarto. On the strength of certain parallel passages, or passages which he thought to be parallel, Jacob assigned the play to Shakespeare. His edition is a careful reprint of A; but he introduced into the text a great number of alterations, which in his own opinion and in the opinion of his contemporaries, were necessary corrections, but which must be rejected by the modern critic. Only once, as far as we see, have we adopted Jacob's conjecture, viz. the addition of *is* in III. 5. 145.

Tyrrell's edition of the play (*The Doubtful Plays of William Shakspere*, London 1851) is merely based on Jacob's reprint and notes; cp. I. 1. 53 *grows* for *grow*, ib. 73 *forbear* f. *leau*, III. 5. 46 *partake* f. *pertaker* (corrected by Jacob in the list of printer's errors), ib. 5. 68 *hast* f. *hath*. It need hardly be added that Tyrrell's so-called corrections are only possessed of an historical interest.

Much superior to Tyrrell's reprint is Delius' edition of the play (Pseudo-shakespearesche Dramen, Elberfeld 1855, No. 2). Though not acquainted with the old quartos and only working on Jacob's reprint, Delius endeavoured to correct the blunders exhibited by the old editions and reproduced by Jacob. In a number of instances he has succeeded in giving the right, or at least an acceptable reading, cp. I. 1. 160 *she* add., III. 1. 13 *flourisht* f. *perisht*, III. 5. 26 *hiue* f. *heave*. In other cases, however, Delius also seems to have overshot his mark, and to have altered the text where it would seem better to retain the readings presented by the edition of 1592.

For the last time *Arden of Feversham* was published by A. H. Bullen (London, J. W. Jarvis and Son, 1887). Mr. Bullen tried to re-establish the ancient text of the play by reprinting the text of A in old spelling, by collating the other ancient and modern editions, and by correcting those passages to which a remedy must be applied. Preceded by an introduction, in which the question of the authorship of the play is discussed and Holinshed's account of Arden's murder is reprinted, and followed by some Notes intended to elucidate or illustrate the text of the play, Mr. Bullen's edition of *Arden of Feversham* must be regarded as the best edition extant. A critical examination of the play, however, and an exact collation with the *Editio princeps* showed that the readings, preferred by Mr. Bullen, cannot always be approved of, that the *varia lectio* is far from being exhaustive, and that the spelling is not quite trustworthy. As, besides, only 250 copies have been printed of Mr. Bullen's elegant edition, we think it not unnecessary to present the friends of the Elizabethan stage with a new critical edition of the play.

The subject on which our drama has been based, seems to have greatly gratified the English public. Even as late as the eighteenth century, G. Lillo († 1739) adapted the original play to the taste of the play-going public of his age; Lillo's work was finished after his death by Dr. John Hoadly, and printed in 1762.<sup>1)</sup> Besides this there exists among the Roxburghe collection a ballad of 'The Complaint and Lamentations of Mistress Arden of Feversham' (reprinted in Evan's Old Ballads), which in its present state

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<sup>1)</sup> An anonymous German translation of this play appeared Leipzig, 1778.

is greatly modernized, but which is doubtless founded on an older ballad on the same subject. It is, however, not probable that 'Murderous Michael', a play which was performed before the Queen in 1578, was, as Mr. Donne<sup>1)</sup> and Prof. Ward<sup>2)</sup> seem inclined to suppose, an elder performance of the same story.

The source of our play is Holinshed's History of England. We think it best to give Holinshed's account of the dreadful event *in extenso* in order to enable the reader to compare the story with the drama.<sup>3)</sup>

I. i. [1552] About thys tyme there was at *Feuersham* in *Kent* a Gentleman named *Arden* most cruellie murthered and slaine by the procurement of hys owne wife. The which murther-for the horriblesse thereof, although otherwise it may seeme to bee but a priuate matter, and therefore as it were impertinent to thys Hystorie, I have thought good to sette it foorth somewhat at large, having the instructions delyuered to me by them that have vsed some diligence to gather the true vnderstanding of the circumstances.

Thys *Arden* was a manne of a tall and comelye personage, and matched in maryage with a Gentlewoman, yong, tall, and well fauoured of shape and countenance, who chauncing to fall in familiaritie with one *Mosbye*, a Tayler by occupation, a blacke swart man, seruauant to the Lorde *North*, it happened thys Mosby vpon some misliking to fall out with hir, but she being desirous to be in fauour with him againe, sent him a paire of siluer Dice by one *Adam Foule*, dwelling at the *Floure de Lice* in *Feuersham*. After which he resorted to hir againe, and oftentimes lay in *Ardens* house, insomuch that within two yeares after he obteyned suche fauour at hir handes, that he laye wyth hir, or (as they terme it) kept hir, in abusing hir bodie. And although (as it was sayde) Maister *Arden* perceyued right wel their mutuall familiaritie to be muche greater than theyr honestie, yet bycause he woulde not offende hir, and so lose the benefite which he hoped to gaine at some of hir friendes handes in bearing with hir lewdnesse, which he might haue lost if he should haue fallen out with hir, he was contented to winke at hir filthie disorder, and both permitted and also inuited Mosby verie often to lodge in his house. And thus it continued a good space before anye practise was begonne by them agaynst Maister *Arden*. Shee at length inflamed in loue with

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<sup>1)</sup> An Essay on the Tragedy of Arden of Feversham, by C. E. Donne (Vicar of Feversham), 1873.

<sup>2)</sup> English Dramatic Literature, vol. I, p. 451 seqq.

<sup>3)</sup> Holinshed's Chronicle of England, ed. 1577, p. 1703 seqq.



Mosbye, and loathing hir husbände, wysshed and after practised the meane howe to hasten his ende.

I. 248—409. There was a Painter dwelling in *Feuersham*, who had skill of poysons (as was reported); she therefore demaunded of him, whether it were true that he had suche skill in that feate or not, and he denyed not but that he had in deede. Yea (sayde she) but I woulde have suche a one made as shoulde haue most vehement and speedie operation to dispatche the eater thereof: that can I doe (quoth hee) and forthwith made hir suche a one, and willed hir to put it into the bottom of a Porenger, and then after to poure Mylke vpon it, which circumstance she forgetting did cleane contrarie, putting in the Mylke first, and afterwarde the poyson. Now Maister *Arden* purposing that daye to ride to *Canterburie*, his wife brought him hys breakfast, whiche was woont to bee mylke and Butter: he hauing receyued a spooneful or two of the Mylke mislyked the tast and colour thereof, and sayd to his wife Mistres *Ales* what milk haue you giuen me here? Wherewithall she tylted it ouer with hir hande, saying, I wene nothing can please you. Then hee tooke horse and road towardes *Canterburie*, and by the way fell into extreeme purging vpwads and downwades and so escaped for that time.

I. 448—591. After this, his wife fell in acquaintance with one *Greene* of *Feuersham*, seruant to Sir *Anthony Ager*, from which *Green* maister *Arden* had wrested a peece of ground on the backside of the Abbey of *Feuersham*, and there had blowes and great threatres passed betwixt them about that matter. Therefore shee knowing that *Greene* hated hir husband began to practise with him how to make him away, and concluded that if he could get any that wold kil him, he shuld hane ten pounds for a reward.

II. 1. This *Greene*, hauing doings for his master Sir *Anthonye Ager*, had occasion to goe vp to *London*, where his maister then lay, and hauing some charge vp with him, desired one *Bradshaw* a goldsmith of *Feuersham* that was his neighbour, to accompanie him to *Grauesend*, and he wold content him for his paines. This *Bradshaw* being a verie honest man, was content, and roade with him, and when they came to *Rainham down*, they chaunced to see three or foure seruing men, that were comming from *Leedes*, and therewith *Bradshaw* espied comming vp the hill from *Rochester* one *black Will* a terrible cruell ruffian with a sword and a buckler, and an other with a great staffe on his necke. Then sayde *Bradshaw* to *Greene*, we are happie that here commeth some companie from *Leedes*, for here commeth vp agaynst vs as murthuring a knaue as any is in *England*, if it were not for them we might chance hardly to escape without losse of our money and liues. Yea, thought *Greene* (as he after confessed) such a one is for my purpose, and therefore asked, which is he? Yonder is he, quoth *Bradshaw*, the same that hath the sword and Buckler: his

name is *blacke Will*. Howe knowe you that, sayde *Greene*? *Bradshaw* aunswered, I knew him at *Bollongne*, where we both serued, he was a souldiour, and I was Sir *Richard Cauendishes* man, and there he committed many robberies and heynous murders on such as traauiled betwixt *Bollongne* and *France*. By this time the other companie of seruing men came to them, and they going all together, met with *black Will* and his fellow. The seruing men knew *black Wil*, and saluting him, demaunded of him whither he went, he answered by his bloud (for his use was to swear almost at euery word) I know not, nor care not, but set vp my staffe, and euen as it falleth I goe. If thou (quoth they) wilt go back againe to *Grauesend*, we will giue thee thy supper; by his blood (sayd he) I care not, I am content, haue with you, and so he returned againe with them. Then *black Will* tooke acquaintance of *Bradshaw*, saying felow *Bradshaw*, how dost thou? *Bradshaw* vnwilling to reneue acquaintance, or to haue ought to doe with so shamelesse a ruffian, said, Why, do ye know me? Yea, that I do (quoth he) did not we serue in *Bollongne* together? But ye must pardon me (quoth *Bradshaw*) for I haue forgotten you. Then *Green* talked with *black Wil*, and said, when ye haue supped come to my hostesse house at such a signe, and I wil giue you the Seck and sugar. By his blud (said he) I thank you, I wil come, and take it, I warrant you. According to his promise he came, and there they made good chere. Then *black Will* and *Green* went and talked apart from *Bradshaw*, and there concluded together that if he would kill maister *Arden*, he should haue ten pound for his labour, then he aunswered, by hys wounds that I wil, if I may knowe him; marie to morrow in *Poules* I will shew him thee, sayd *Greene*. Then they lefte their talke, and *Greene* bade hym goe home to his hostes house.

Then *Greene* wrote a letter to mistres *Arden*, and among other things, put in these words 'we haue gote a man for our purpose, we may thanke my brother *Bradshaw*.' Now, *Bradshaw*, not knowing any thing of this, toke the letter of him, and in the morning departed home agayne, and deliuered the letter to Mistresse *Arden*, and *Greene* and *blacke Will* went vp to *London* at the tide.

II. 2. At the time appoynted, *Greene* shewed *blacke Will* maister *Arden* walking in *Poules*. Then sayde *blacke Will*, what is hee that goeth after him? marie, sayd *Greene*, one of his men. By hys bloud, said *blacke Will*, I wil kil them both. Nay, said *Greene*, do not so, for he is of counsel with vs in this matter. By his bloud, sayd he, I care not for that, I will kill them both. Nay, sayde *Greene*, in any wise do not so. Then *blacke Wil* thought to haue killed Maister *Arden* in *Poules* Church-yarde, but there were so many Gentlemen that accompanied him to dinner, that he missed of his purpose. *Greene* shewed all this talke to maister *Arden's* man, whose name was *Michael*, whych euer after stooode in

doubt of *blacke Will*, least he should kill him. The cause that this *Michael* conspired with the rest against his maister was, for that it was determined that he should marrie a kinswoman of *Mosbyes*. After this, maister *Arden* lay at a certaine Personage which he held in *London*, and therefore his man *Michaell* and *Greene* agreed that *blacke Will* should come in the night to the personage, where he should fynd the dores left open, that hee mighte come in, and murther maister *Arden*. This *Michael* hauing his maister to bed, left open the dores according to the appointment. His master then being in bed, asked him if he had shut fast the dores, and he said yea: but yet afterwards, fearing least *black Will* woulde kill him as well as his maister, after hee was in bed himselfe, hee rose agayne and shut the dores, bolting them fast, so that *black Will* comming thither, and finding the dores shutte, departed being disappoynted at that time. The nexte day, *blacke Wil* came to *Greene* in a great chafe, swearing and staring, bycause hee was so deceyued, and with many terrible othes, threatned to kil maister *Ardens* man first, wheresoeuer he met him. No, said *Greene*, do not so, I will first know the cause of shutting the dores. Then *Greene* met and talked with *Arden's* man, and asked of hym, why he did not leaue open the dores according to his promise. Marie, said *Michael*, I will shew you the cause. My master yesternight did that he neuer did before, for after I was a bedde, he rose vp, and shut the dores, and in the morning rated me for leauing them vnshut. And herewith *Greene* and *black Wil* were pacified. *Arden* being ready to goe homewards, his maid came to *Greene* and said, this night wil my maister goe downe, wherevpon it was agreed that *blacke Will* shoulde kyl him on *Raynam* downe. When maister *Arden* came to *Rochester*, his man stil fearing that *blacke Wil* would kil him with his maister, pricked his horse of purpose, and made him to hault to the ende he mighte protract the time and tarrie behinde, hys maister asked him why his horse halted, he sayd, I know not. Wel, quoth his maister, when ye come at the Smith here before (betwene *Rochester* and the hil foote ouer againste *Cheetam*) remoue hys shoe and search him, and then come after me. So maister *Arden* rode on, and ere he came at the place where *blacke Wil* lay in waite for him, there ouertooke him diuers Gentlemen of his acquaintance who kept him company, so that *black Will* mist here also of his purpose.

[After that maister *Arden* was come home, he sent (as he vsually did) his man to *Shepey* to sir *Tho. Cheny*, then L. Warden of the cinque ports, about certain busines, and at his comming away, hee had a letter deliuered sent by Sir *Tho. Cheny* to his maister. When hee came home, his mistres toke the letter and kept it, willing hir man to tel his maister that he had a letter deliuered him by Sir *Tho. Cheny* and that he had lost it: adding that he thought it best that his maister shuld goe the next morning

to Sir *Tho.* bycause he knew not the matter: he said he would, and therefore he willed his man to be sturring betimes. In thys meane while *blacke Wil* and one *George Shakebag*<sup>1)</sup> his companyon were kept in a store house of Sir *Anthony Agers* at *Preston*, by *Greenes* appoyntment, and thither came mistresse *Arden* to see him, bringing and sending him meate and drinke many times.]

IV. He therfore lurking there and watching some opportunitie for his purpose, was willed in any wise to be vp earely in the morning to lie in waite for maister *Arden* in a certayne brome close betwixt *Feuersham* and the *Fery* (which close he must needes passe) and there to doe his feat. Now *blacke Wil* sturred in the morning betimes, but hee mist the way and taried in a wrong place. Maister *Arden* and his man comming on their way erely in the morning towards *Shornelan* where sir *Tho. Cheyny* lay, as they were almost come to the brome close, his man alwayes fearing that *black Wil* would kill him with hys maister, feined that he had lost his purse. Why, said his maister, thou foolish knaue, couldest thou not looke to thy purse, but lose it? What was in it? three pound, said he. Why, then goe thy wayes backe agayne lyke a knaue, said his Maister, and seeke it, for beeing so earely as it is, there is no man stirring, and therfore thou maist be sure to find it, and then come and ouertake me at the *Fery*. But neuerthelesse by reason that *black Wil* lost his way, maister *Arden* escaped yet once agayne. At that time *black Will* yet thought he should have bin sure to haue met him homewardes, but whether that some of the L. Wardens men accompanied him backe to *Feuersham*, or that being in doubt for that it was late, to goe through the broomye close, and therefore tooke another way, *black Wil* was disappointed then also. But now St. *Valentines* faire being at hand, the conspirators thought to dispatch their diuelish intention at that tyme. *Mosby* minded to picke some quarrell to maister *Arden* at the faire to fight with him, for he sayde he could not find in his hart to murther a gentleman in that sort as his wife wished, although she had made a solemne promise to him, and hee againe to hir, to be in all poynts as man and wife together, and therevpon they both receiued the Sacrament one Sondag at *London* openly in a Church there. But this deuise to fight with hym would not serue, for maister *Arden* both then and at other times had bin gretly prouoked by *Mosby* to fight with him, but hee would not.

V. Now *Mosby* had a sister that dwelt in a tenemente of master *Ardens* neere to his house in *Feuersham*, and on the faire euen *blacke Will* was sente for to come thither, and *Greene* bringing him thither, met there with mistres *Arden* accompanied with *Michael* hir man and one of hir maides. There were also *Mosby*

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<sup>1)</sup> 'His real name was Loosebag. He was born at Seasalter, and bred to the sea'. Donne, l. c., p. 12 from the Wardmote book.

and *George Shakebag*, and there they deuised to haue him killed in manner as afterwards he was, but yet *Mosby* at the first, would not agree to that cowardly murdering of him, but in a fury slong away and went vp the *Abbey streete* toward the *Flower de lice*, the house of the afore mentioned *Adam Foules* where he did often host. But before he came thither now at this time, a messenger ouer-tooke him that was sente from mistres *Arden*, desiring him of all loues to come backe again to help to accomplish the matter he knewe of. Heerevpon he returned to hir again, and at his coming back, she fel downe vpon hir knees to him, and besought him to goe through with the matter, as if he loued hir, he would be contented to do: sith, as she had diuers times told him, he needed not to doubt, for there was not any that would care for his death, nor make any great inquirie for them that should dispatch him. Thus she being earnest with him, at length he was contented to agree vnto that horrible deuise, and therevpon they conueyed *black Wil* into maister *Ardens* house, putting him into a closet at the end of his Parlour. Before this, they had sent out of the house all the seruants, those excepted which were priue to the deuised murther. Then went *Mosbie* to the dore, and there stood in a nighte gowne of silke girded about him, and this was betwixte sixe and seuen of the clocke at nighte. Master *Arden* hauing bene at a neighbors house of his named *Dumpkin*, and hauing cleered certaine reconings betwixt them came home, and finding *Mosby* standing at the dore, asked him if it were supper time. I thinke not, quoth *Mosby*, it is not yet ready. Then lette vs goe and play a game at the tables in the meane season, said master *Arden*, and so they went streight into the Parlor. And as they came by thorough the Hall, his wife was walking there, and master *Arden* said, How nowe, mistres *Ales*? but shee made small aunswer to him. In the meane time, one chained the wicket dore of the entrie. When they came into the Parlor, *Mosby* sate downe on the bench, hauing his face toward the place where *blacke Will* stooode. Then *Michaell*, master *Arden's* man, stooode at his masters backe, holding a candell in his hand to shadowe *blacke Wil* that *Arden* might by no meanes perceiue hym comming forth. In their play *Mosby* said thus (whiche seemed to be the watch word for *blacke Will* comming forth), Nowe may I take you, Sir, if I will. Take me, quoth master *Arden*, whych way? With that *black Will* stept forth, and cast a towell aboute his necke, so to stoppe his breath and strangle him. Then *Mosby* hauing at hys girdle a pressing iron of 14 pound weight, stroke him on the head with the same, so that he fel downe and gaue a great grone, in so much that they thought hee had bin killed. Then they bare him away to ley him in the counting house, and as they were about to ley him down, the pangs of death comming on him, he gaue a great grone and stretched himselfe, and then *black Wil* gaue him a great gash

in the face, and so killed him out of hand, laid him along, tooke the money out of his purse, and the rings from hys fingers, and then comming out of the counting house said, Now this feate is done, giue me my money, so mistres *Arden* gaue him ten lb.: and he commyng to *Grene*, had a horse of him, and so rode his ways. After that *black Wil* was gone, mistres *Arden* came into the counting house, and with a knife gaue him seven or eight pricks into the brest. Then they made cleen the Parlor, tooke a cloute, and wiped where it was bloody, and strewed agayne the rushes that were shuffled with struggling, and cast the clout with which they wiped the bloud and the knife that was bloody wherewith she had wounded hir husband into a tubbe by the welles side, wher afterward both the same cloute and knife were founde. Thus thys wicked woman with hir complices most shamefully murthered hir owne husband who most entierly loued hir al his life time. Then she sente for two *Londoners* to supper, the one named *Prune* and the other *Cole*, that were Grosers, which before the murther was committed were bidden to supper. When they came, she said, I maruell where master *Arden* is: wel, we wil not tarie for him, come ye, and sitte downe, for he will not be long. Then *Mosbyes* sister was sente for, she came and sate downe, and sð they were merrie.

After supper, mistres *Arden* caused hir daughter to play on the virginals, they danced, and she with them, and so seemed to protract time as it were, til maister *Arden* shuld come; and she said, I maruel where he is so long, wèl, hee will come anone I am sure, I pray you in the meane while let vs play a game at the tables. But the *Londoners* said they must goe to their hostes house, or else they shuld be shut out at dores, and so taking their leaue departed. When they were gone, the seruants that were not priuie to the murther were sent abroad into the towne, some to seeke their maister, and some of other errands, all sauving *Michael* and a maid, *Mosbyes* sister, and one of mistresse *Ardens* own daughters. Then they tooke the dead body and caryed it out to lay it in a felde next to the Churche yard, and ioyning to his garden wall, through the which he went to the Church. In the meane time it began to snow, and when they came to the garden gate, they remembred that they had forgotten the key, and one wente in for it, and finding it, at length brought it, opened the gate, and caried the corps into the same field, as it were ten paces from the garden gate, and laid him downe on his backe streight in his night gowne, with his slippers on, and betwene one of his slippers and his foote a long rush or two remained. When they had thus laid him down, they returned the same way they came through the garden into the house. They beeyng returned thus backe again into the house, the dores were opened and the seruants returned home that had bin sent abroad, and being now very late, she sent forthe hir folkes againe to make enquire for him in diuers places, namely among

the best in the towne where he was wont to be, who made answere that they could tel nothing of him. Then she began to make an outcry, and said, neuer woman had such neighbors as I haue, and herewith wepte, in so much, that hir neighbors came in and found hir making great lamentation, pretending to maruell what was become of hir husbände: wherupon the Maior and others came to make search fo him. The faire was wont to bee kepte partly in the towne and partly in the Abbey, but *Arden* for his owne priuate lucre and couetous gaine had this present yere procured it to be wholly kept within the Abbey ground whiche he had purchased, and so reaping al the gaynes to himselfe, and bereauing the towne of that portion which was wont to come to the inhabitants, gote manye a bitter curse. The Maior going about the faire in this search, at length came to the ground where *Arden* lay, and as it happened *Prune* the grosser getting sight of him first said, Stay, for me thinke I see one lye heere, and so they looking and beholding the body, found that it was master *Arden* lying there thrughly dead, and viewing diligently the maner of his body and hurtes, founde the rushes sticking in his slippers, and marking further espyed certaine footesteppes by reason of the snowe, betwixt the place wher he lay, and the garden dore. Then the Maior commanded euery man to stay, and herewith appointed some to goe about, and to come in at the inner side of the house thorough the garden as the way lay to the place where maister *Ardens* dead body did lye, who al the way as they came perceuyed footings still before them in the snowe, and so it appeared playnely that he was brought along that way from the house thorough the garden, and so into the field wher he lay. Then the Maior and his company that were with him went into the house, and knowing hir euil demeanor in times past, examined hir of the matter, but she defyed them, and said, I would you should know I am no such woman. Then they examined hir seruants, and in the examination by reason of a peece of his heare and bloud founde neere to the house in the way by the which they caried him forth, and likewise by the knife with which she had thrust him into the brest, and the cloute wherewith they wipt the bloud away whiche they found in the tubbe, into the which the same were throwen, they al confessed the matter, and herself beholding hir husbands bloud, said, Oh the bloud of God help, for this bloud have I shed. Then were they al attached and committed to prison. And the Maior with others presently went to the *flower de lice*, where they found *Mosby* in bed; and as they came towards him, they espyed his hose and purse stayned with some of maister *Ardens* bloud; and when he asked what they meant by their comming in such sort, they said, See, here ye may vnderstande wherefore, by these tokens, shewing him the bloud on his hose and purse. Then he confessed the deede, and so he and al the other that

had conspired the murther, were apprehended and layd in prison, excepte *Greene*, *black Wil*, and the *Painter*, which *Painter* and *George Shakebag* that was also fledde before, were neuer heard of. Shortly were the Sessions kept at *Feuersham*, where all the prisoners were arraigned and condemned. And therevpon being examined whither they had any other complices, mistres *Arden* accused *Bradshaw* vppon occasion of the letter sent by *Greene* from *Gravesend* (as before ye haue heard) which words hadde none other meaning, but onely by *Bradsharves* describing of *blacke Willes* qualities, *Greene* iudged him a meete instrument for the execution of their pretended murther: wherevnto notwithstanding (as *Greene* confessed at his death certayne yeares after) this *Bradshaw* was neuer made priuie, howbeit he was vppon this accusation of mistres *Arden* immediately sent for to the Sessions and indited, and declaration made against him, as a procurer of *blacke Will* to kill maister *Arden*, which proceeded wholly by misvnderstanding of the wordes conteyned in the letter which he brought from *Greene*. Then hee desired to talke with the persons condemned, and his request was graunted: hee therefore demaunded of them if they knew him, or euer had any conuersation with him, and they all said no. Then the letter being shewed and redde, he declared the very trueth of the matter, and vpon what occasion he tolde *Greene* of *blacke Wil*; neuertheless hee was condemned and suffered. These condemned persons were diuersly executed in sundry places: for *Michaell* maister *Ardens* man was hanged in chaynes at *Feuersham*, and one of the maides was brent there, pitifully bewailing hir case, and cryed out on hir mistres that had brought hir to this ende, for the whiche she would neuer forgiue hir. *Mosby* and his sister were hanged in *Smithfelde* at *London*, Mistres *Arden* was burned at *Caunterbury* the 14 of March: *Greene* came againe certayne yeares after, was apprehended, condemned, and hanged in cheynes in the hygh way betwixt Ospring and Boughton agaynste *Feuersham*; *black Wil* was brent on a scaffold at *Flishing* in *Zeland*. *Adam Foule* that dwelte at the *floure de lice* in *Feuersham* was broughte into trouble about this matter, and caried vp to London with his legges bound under the horse belly, and committed to prison in the *Marshalsey*, for that *Mosby* was heard to say, had it not bin for *Adam Foule*, I hadde not come to this trouble, meaning that the bringing of the siluer dice for a token to him from mistres *Arden*, as ye haue heard, occasioned him to renue familiaritie with hir againe. But when the matter was througly ripped vp, and that *Mosby* had clered him protesting that he was neuer of knowledge in any behalfe to the murther, the mans innocencie preserued him. This one thing seemeth verye straunge and notable touching master *Arden*, that in the place where he was layd being dead, all the proportion of his body might be seene two yeares after and more, as playne as could be; for the grasse did not growe where his



body hadde touched, but betweene his legges, betweene hys armes, and about the holowness of his necke, and round about his body, and where his legges, armes, head, or any parte of his body hadde touched, no grasse growed at all of all that time; so that many strangers came in that meane time beside the Townesmen to see the print of his body there on the ground in that field, which field he hadde (as some haue reported) cruelly taken from a woman that had bin a widow to one *Cooke*, and after married to one *Richarde Read* a mariner, to the great hinderance of hir and hir husband the sayd *Read*, for they had long enioyed it by a leasse whiche they had of it for many yeares not then expired: neuerthesse he got it from them, for the which the saide *Reades* wife not only exclaymed against him, in sheading many a salte teare, but also cursed him most bitterly euen to his face, wishing many a vengeance to light vpon him and that all the worlde might wonder on hym: which was thought then to come to passe, when hee was thus murthered, and lay in that fiede from midnight till the morning, and so all that day, being the fayre day, till night, all the whyche daye there were many hundreds of people came wondering aboute hym. And thus farre touching this horrible and haynous murther of master *Arden*.

As we have mentioned above, Jacob was the first to ascribe *Arden of Feversham* to Shakespeare. The arguments, however, by which he tried to establish this hypothesis are far from being persuasive. He contents himself with selecting a certain number of mere conventional phrases and expressions, common to the author of our play and to Shakespeare. It is indeed strange that Jacob himself was not struck with the fact that those phrases belong not to a single author, but to the whole age, and that the same expressions may easily be found in the works of any poet living at the end of the sixteenth or in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Once started, however, the Shakespeare-theory soon met with more advocates. The German poet Ludwig Tieck made *Arden of Feversham* with some other so-called Pseudo-shakespearian Plays known to his countrymen by translating them in his 'Shakespeare's Vorschule, Leipzig, 1823, vol. I.<sup>1</sup>) In the introductory essay preceding his edition Tieck gives an analysis of the play and finds that the plot of it is so properly conducted and the characters so

<sup>1</sup>) Other German translations of our play were produced by H. Döring (Gotha 1833; 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., Erfurt 1840) and by F. Ortlepp, Nachträge zu Shakespeare, vol. III., p. 1—112.

excellently developed that it is well worthy of Shakespeare, and that it would be difficult to attribute it to any other contemporary play-wright.<sup>1)</sup> His theory and arguments were adopted by N. Delius in his edition of the play. Independently of Tieck, Ch. Knight (Pictorial Shakespeare) and Mézières in his *Prédécesseurs de Shakespeare*, and lastly Mr. Swinburne in his *Study of Shakespeare* have come to the same conclusion. Mr. Donne, Prof. Ward, and Mr. Bullen reject Jacob's theory of Shakespeare's authorship as a whole, but think it at least possible that 'Arden, in its present state, has been retouched here and there by the master's hand.' (Bullen, p. XVII). In a similar manner Mr. Symonds in *Shakespeare's Predecessors*, though loth in absence of any external evidence to ascribe *Arden of Feversham* to Shakespeare, yet feels inclined to recognise in the character of Mrs. Arden, with Mr. Swinburne, the eldest born of that group to which Lady Macbeth and Dionysa belong by right of weird sisterhood.<sup>2)</sup>

The only critic who decidedly pronounces against Shakespeare's authorship of *Arden of Feversham* is the late Professor Ulrici who in his *Shakespeare's Dramatische Kunst* (3<sup>d</sup> ed., p. 88 seqq.) very carefully points out all that may be said against the hypothesis started by Jacob. After mature reflection we cannot but accede to the learned Professor's arguments, and every unbiassed reader, we hope, will arrive at the same conclusion.

First of all, it must seem very doubtful whether Shakespeare would have chosen for his subject a story which moves in a different sphere from his own tragedies, and which is in the highest degree loathsome and disgusting. But, if he had, he would, we are sure,

<sup>1)</sup> Of the same opinion is François Victor Hugo (the son of the great poet) who translated the Pseudo-shakespearian Plays into French, as an appendix to his *Œuvres complètes de W. Shakespeare*, 18 vols, Paris 1860—1867; cp. *Introduction aux Apocryphes*, vol. I, p. 7 seqq., vol. II, p. 47 seqq.

<sup>2)</sup> G. B. Kuitert, in his Dutch translation of our play (*Meesterstukken onder Shakespeare's Pseudo-Dramas, vertaald en toegelicht door G. B. K., Leiden 1882*) thinks it not unlikely that Shakespeare, when settling at an early period in London, met with some minor playwright, who had availed himself of the story of Mr. Arden as related in Holinshed's Chronicle. Struck with the thought that his mother, an Arden of Wilmecote, might have been a kinswoman to the gentleman of Feversham, Shakespeare joined with the unknown dramatist and, in all probability, worked up into shape the characters of Alice and Mosbie. Cp., l. c., p. 140 seqq.

even in the beginning of his dramatic career have conducted the plot in a less languid and monotonous manner. Not an attempt is made to relieve by a secondary action the dreadful scenes of which the play is composed. The murder of Arden is concerted directly in the first scene; the following three acts form a series of attempts to execute the hateful project, until at length in the fifth act it is brought about. And the misdeed is always prevented, not by things essential to the development of the story or the characters, but by quite external accidents, such as certainly occur in life, but which may well be spared in a dramatic poem. In none of his plays has Shakespeare chosen to develop a plot in such a meagre, chronicle-like manner, and in none of his plays has he thought it necessary to excuse, as it were, his own play, as the author of *Arden* does in the Epilogue:

*Gentlemen, we hope youle pardon this naked tragedy,  
Wherin no filed points are foisted in  
To make it gracious to the eare or eye.*

Not only has the story which forms the subject of the play, been prosily constructed, but it also wants the basis necessary for justifying the tragical issue of it. Mr. Arden is represented as a very weak character; moreover he is avaricious and greedy in taking the Abbey-lands from Greene, hard and unfair to Reede the Sailor; but has he therefore deserved to be slaughtered by hired ruffians and his own wife? In fact, he was; Holinshed relates the murder and all the particulars, and the documents preserved at Feversham prove it; but a poet like Shakespeare would certainly have discerned that the story as given by the chronicler was unfit to form the groundwork of a drama, unless the hero of it appear poetically to have deserved his fate. It is the more surprising that the author of the play quite neglected this all-important point, as Holinshed himself suggests a circumstance which must have made Arden contemptible to his own wife as well as to the audience for which the play was intended. 'Although, Holinshed says, Arden perceyued right wel their (Mosbie's and his wife's) mutuall familiaritie to be muche greater than theyr honestie, yet bycause he woulde not offende hir, and so lose the benefite which he hoped to gaine at some of hir friendes handes in bearing with hir lewdnesse, which he might haue lost if he should haue fallen out with hir, he was contented to winke at hir filthie disorder.' And if the author

of the play, as he seems to do, wished us to believe that Arden was first faithless to his wife, it was not sufficient to inform us of that blemish only through the mouth of Mrs. Arden (l. 497seqq.). Thus omitting every feature in Arden's character which might not truly, but poetically justify Arden's murder, the author of the play committed one of the greatest faults that may be discerned in a dramatic poem, a fault which we cannot suppose even in an early performance of England's great poet.

As to the scenes of the play themselves, it must be owned that part of them are possessed of dramatic life and interest. Every one will be impressed by the monologue in which Michael in the middle of the night is seized with pity for his unlucky master and struck with fear for his own life, and at the end of which his terror unconsciously bursts forth into a cry that awakens his master and saves his life for that time. Likewise a certain vigour must be allowed to the scene in which Francklin on approaching the spot where the murderers are hidden is prevented by an ominous indisposition from continuing his story about a disloyal wife. The same remarks apply to the fourth act when Alice repenting of her trespasses tries to turn from sin, but finally gets only the faster linked to Mosbie her evil demon. But freely granting their merits, nobody can pretend that any of these scenes bears the evident stamp of Shakespeare's mind in its composition. On the other hand, a number of incidents are to be met with in the course of the play which seem to be quite unworthy of Shakespeare. The scenes in which Clarke the painter plays a prominent part, the prosy conversation of Arden with Francklin, the jokes of the Ferryman, the quarrel of the two Ruffians can by no means be ascribed to Shakespeare. And can we suppose that Shakespeare set before his audience the undeserved fate of poor Bradshaw? Alice, in our play, seems sincerely to repent of her dreadful crime; was it not her duty to have the poor victim whom she knew not to have been privy to her intents, rescued from the hands of the hangman? Everywhere the author of the play is content to follow Holinshed's report, not caring whether the historical events are such as are required in a dramatic poem.

A play the structure of which shows such deficiencies, cannot be attributed to Shakespeare, and the less so as the characters are far from being drawn in Shakespeare's manner.

The character which has most of all induced critics to attribute our play to Shakespeare, is that of Alice Arden. The first moment she appears before our eyes, we learn that her husband's suspicions are all too well based, that awake and asleep all her thoughts are engrossed by Mosbie and his love. Her unchaste passion has absorbed all other feelings in her breast: she does not care for her own reputation nor for the good name of her husband and her family; all sense of honour and duty is dead in her. Only once in the course of the play does she remember her former innocent and happy life: she resolves to break off all intimacy with Mosbie and be again 'Arden's honest wife'. But she is, at it were, under the imperious will of a malignant demon. ✠ The bitter irony and utter contempt with which her paramour treats her, do not open her eyes: in a few minutes she repents of her resolution and gets reconciled to Mosbie. When tearing the leaves out of the prayer-book, she drives her good angel that for a moment had returned to her, far away. Henceforward she is only the faster in the clutches of *Venus Libitina*, the inexorable goddess of love and death. Death, the death of her husband, is the way which in her opinion will lead her to happiness; and from the very beginning she enters without any reluctance that loathsome path. No obstacle and no failure discourages her: the many confederate rascals around her are much inferior to her in pluck and audacity. Michael, who, informed of Alice's design, immediately plots the death of his own brother, shrinks back from betraying his master when the fatal hour draws near; Greene, though deeply offended as he thinks himself by Arden, and Mosbie, the wretched villain, whose selfishness makes him plot a whole series of murders, even including that of Alice, do not venture to lay hands on Arden; even the hired ruffians, accustomed as they are to ill deeds, are afraid of shedding the blood of an innocent man. Alice alone remains undismayed: she engages the painter, Michael, Greene, Mosbie, to make away with her husband; she welcomes Black Will and Shakebag in her own house in a most revolting manner. Far from being abashed by any failure, she untiringly finds new devices and cunningly makes use of all possible means to execute her dreadful design. And when at length she has succeeded, when her husband, struck by the cut-throats, lies groaning on the ground, she takes courage to give him herself the *coup de grâce*:

*'Take this for hindering Mosbie's love and mine.'*

After the deed is done, all murderers turn cowards: each of them only thinks of flight to save his own life. Alice alone is fearless and does everything necessary to remove suspicion and secure the fruit she wishes for. If indeed the poet of the play had the intention to show us how far the unlawful passion and immoderate desire of a woman may go to get her purpose, we cannot but say that he has well succeeded. But not as a tigress-woman, not as a *monstrum mulieris* is Alice Arden to be delivered over to the hangman. Near the corpse of her husband she returns to humanity, and by her repentance no less than by her death she expiates the dreadful crime to which unhallowed desire had driven her. It is true that the last scenes of the play are rather hurriedly worked out, and that as to some minor points, such as the fate of poor Bradshaw, the poet would better not have followed so closely Holinshed's account: nevertheless there can be no doubt that the author of the play has given us in Alice Arden a character, repulsive it is true, yet full of vigour and life, a character indeed that may in a manner be considered as a predecessor of Lady Macbeth and Dionysa.

The frantic love which Alice bears to Arden, somewhat at least excuses her brutal conduct; her sincere repentance poetically expiates her dreadful crime. Her paramour Mosbie, on the contrary, is a vulgar wretch, unable alike to conceive any higher sentiment, or to atone his grievous sin by repentance. Mean by birth, Mosbie is so in whatever he does. It is not love that influences his actions; directly in the beginning he seems inclined to break off the dangerous intimacy with Alice, and on different occasions he uses the vilest and most revolting language towards her; he even goes so far as to think it necessary to sacrifice Alice as she has done her husband. The motive of all his actions is to get hold of Arden's property. It is to be expected that such a character would be timorous and dastardly in his whole demeanour. Mosbie is not so bold as to touch Arden himself, and when according to his advice Arden is insidiously murdered in his own house, he stabs at him for no higher motive than to revenge an injurious word used by Arden against him. For such a character remorse is impossible and redemption inconceivable. He dies, and the last word he breathes from his polluted lips is a curse against Alice and all womankind.

How is it to be explained that Alice is attached to such an abject fellow as Mosbie? Ulrici finds it a fault in the composition of our play that the author gives no answer to that question. But just as in life people are often seen perfectly blinded by a passion at once inconceivable and contemptible to all around them, so the author of *Arden of Feversham* wished Alice to appear to us as so absolutely controlled by her passion as to set aside the voice of reason and those sentiments by which men are usually guided. Had the poet explained Alice's attachment in a different way, had he for instance given any noble feature to Mosbie's character, the tragical development of the play would certainly have lost much of its importance.

Alice and Mosbie are the most interesting characters of the play. A certain dramatic skill, however, is not to be denied to some of the minor characters.

Around Alice and Mosbie are grouped a whole band of scoundrels who more or less directly take part in Arden's death: Clarke the Painter who in lofty terms approves of Alice's intent, and is nothing loth to despatch her husband by baleful poisons; Greene, a religious-minded gentleman, who thinks himself wronged by Arden; Black Will and Shakebag, the professional bragging cut-throats, and Michael, Arden's man. But though possessed of a certain dramatic vigour, there is no drop of Shakespeare's blood in them. The painter, whose bombastic eloquence praises the power of love, and who at the same time is clever in producing poisoned pictures and crucifixes which without doing himself any harm injure those who look at them, must, we are sure, only have raised a smile on Shakespeare's lips. And is it compatible with Greene's religious feelings to plot the murder of his fellow-creature? Michael, the pitious coward, composes a love-letter fit only for his narrow understanding, and directly after paints his repentance and anguish of soul in phrases which may almost be called sublime. Likewise Black Will forgets sometimes that he is an abominable cut-throat, and speaks in language little differing from Francklin's prosy speeches. Such glaring contrasts between form of action and form of speech as are to be met with in *Arden of Feversham*, do certainly not occur even in plays which are generally considered as composed in the earliest period of Shakespeare's dramatic activity.

Quite a failure are the two remaining characters, Arden and his friend Francklin. On no occasion does Arden excite our sympathy; we pity him only the moment he finds his undeserved end at the hands of his adulterous wife and her paramour. No quality, either good or bad, is distinctly set forth in him. From the first he is aware of the intimacy existing between his wife and Mosbie, and yet far from avenging his outraged honour, he cannot even form the resolution of hindering their unchaste commerce. On the contrary, he pockets up the grossest injuries that a husband may receive, and even invites the rascal to frequent his house and wife more freely than he had done before. And having wounded Mosbie in a quarrel in which his own life was at stake, he abases himself so far as to visit his rival, beg his pardon, and have his well-deserved wounds dressed. His weakness must appear the more contemptible as no motive at all is given for it; neither is sufficient stress laid on his avarice, nor is his passion for his wife such as to render him perfectly blind. He is, indeed, as Mr. Symonds says, a mere clay-figure, and no unbiassed reader will subscribe to Tieck's opinion, who finds Arden's character throughout the play 'noble and amiable.'

As little interest is excited by Arden's friend Francklin. Though always in company with Arden, Francklin takes no part whatever in the action of the play: his conversation is full of commonplaces, but he never tries to save his unhappy friend by any wholesome advice. Only once does he warn Mr. Arden not to abase himself so much as to beg pardon from Mosbie. But he does it most timidly, and Arden easily hushes him to silence with the words: '*I pray thee, gentle Franklin, hold thy peace.*' It is but after Arden's death that Francklin awakes to life, and endeavours to revenge his friend's death. There can be no doubt that a poet like Shakespeare would have devised quite a different sort of friendship between Arden and Francklin, and that both of them would have borne clearer and more distinct features than they do in our play.

Thus the characters of the play as well as the structure of it exhibit faults not to be met with even in the juvenile plays of Shakespeare. Nor does the character of the language and the verse allow the play to be ascribed to him. In very few instances only, chiefly in the scenes in which Michael is tormented by fear



and remorse, and in which Arden relates his dream to Francklin, the language rises above the level of common talk, and even there it is far from reaching the sphere in which Shakespeare's fancy used to range. The metre, on the other hand, is so irregular and so often hovers between verse and prose that it is impossible for us to accede to Knight's opinion that the versification of the play exhibits a freedom of movement possessed by no other poet of the time but Shakespeare. Every reader of Shakespeare knows what liberal use the poet, particularly in his earliest plays, made of rhymed lines. Now, in *Arden of Feversham* only four rhyme-couplets are to be found. That circumstance of itself is almost sufficient to refute an hypothesis started at so late a date, and backed with no plausible argument whatever.

Though we are of opinion that Shakespeare had nothing to do with *Arden of Feversham*, yet we will freely allow that the author of the play — whoever he may have been, and we abstain from guessing a name — at an early period presented the English stage with a specimen of a domestic tragedy which is superior to all similar performances of the time.<sup>1)</sup>

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<sup>1)</sup> After having finished our Introduction, we find that Mr. Saintsbury, discussing the authorship of our play in his *History of Elizabethan Literature* (London 1887), has come to almost the same conclusion as we. [*'Arden of Feversham*], he says, l. c., p. 424 seq., is a domestic tragedy of a peculiarly atrocious kind, Alice Arden, the wife, being led by her passion for a base paramour, Mosbie, to plot, and at last carry out the murder of her husband. Here it is not that the versification has much resemblance to Shakespere's or that single speeches smack of him, but that the dramatic grasp of character both in principal and in secondary characters has a distinct touch of his almost unmistakable hand. Yet both in the selection and in the treatment of the subject the play definitely transgresses those principles which have been said to exhibit themselves so uniformly and so strongly in the whole great body of his undoubted plays. There is a perversity and a dash of sordidness which are both wholly un-Shakesperian. The only possible hypothesis on which it could be admitted as Shakespere's would be that of an early experiment thrown off while he was seeking his way in a direction where he found no thoroughfare.'



ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. \*)

Mr. ARDEN, of *Feversham*.

FRANCKLIN, *his friend*.

MOSBIE.

CLARKE, a *Painter*.

ADAM FOWLE, *Landlord of the Flower-de-Luce*.

BRADSHAW, a *Goldsmith*.

MICHAELL, ARDEN'S *Servant*.

GREENE.

RICHARD REEDE, a *Sailor*.

BLACK WILL    }  
SHAKBAG         } *Murderers*.

A *Prentice*.

A *Ferryman*.

LORD CHEINY, *and his Men*.

*Mayor of Feversham, and Watch*.

ALICE, *Arden's Wife*.

SUSAN, *Mosbie's Sister*.

*The Scene: FEVERSHAM, LONDON, and there between.*

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\*) First added by Jacob.

## ACT I.

*A Room in Arden's House.*

*Enter ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.*

*Francklin.* Arden, cheere vp thy spirits and droup no more:  
My gracious Lord, the Duke of Sommerset,  
Hath frely giuen to thee and to thy heyres,  
By letters patents from his Maiesty,  
All the lands of the Abby of Feuershame. 5  
Heer are the deedes,

Sealed and subscribed with his name and the kings:  
Read them, and leaue this melancholy moode.

*Arden.* Francklin, thy loue prolongs my weary lyfe;  
And but for thee how odious were this lyfe, 10  
That shoues me nothing but torments my soule,  
And those foule obiects that offend myne eies!  
Which makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen  
The earth hung ouer my heede and couerd mee.  
Love-letters past twixt Mosbie and my Wyfe, 15  
And they have preuie meetings in the Towne:  
Nay, on his finger did I spy the Ring  
Which at our Marriage-day the Preest put on.  
Can any greefe be halfe so great as this?

*Francklin.* Comfort thy selfe, sweete freend: it is not strange 20  
That women will be false and wauering.

*Arden.* I, but to doat on such a one as hee  
Is monstrous, Francklin, and intollerable.

*Francklin.* Why, what is he?

*Arden.* A Botcher, and no better at the first; 25  
Who, by base brocage getting some small stock,

ACT I. Stage-dir. added by Tyr. — 3. *thine* C. — 6—7. One line in  
old edd. — 13. *make* Tyr. — 15. *pass* Bullen. — 18. *day* om. C.

- Crept into seruice of a nobleman,  
 And by his seruile flattery and fawning  
 Is now become the steward of his house,  
 30 And brauely iets it in his silken gowne.  
*Francklin.* No nobleman will countnaunce such a pesant.  
*Arden.* Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not mee.  
 But through his fauour let not him grow proude;  
 For were he by the Lord Protector backt,  
 35 He should not make me to be pointed at.  
 I am by birth a gentleman of bloode,  
 And that iniurious riball, that attempts  
 To vyolate my deare wyues chastitie,  
 (For deare I holde hir loue, as deare as heauen)  
 40 Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile  
 See his disseuerd ioints and sinewes torne,  
 Whylst on the planchers pants his weary body,  
 Smeard in the channels of his lustfull bloode.  
*Francklin.* Be patient, gentle freend, and learne of me  
 45 To ease thy grieffe and saue her chastityte:  
 Intreat her faire; sweete words are fittest engines  
 To race the flint walles of a womans breast.  
 In any case be not too Jelyouse,  
 Nor make no question of her loue to thee;  
 50 But, as securely, presently take horse,  
 And ly with me at London all this tearme;  
 For women, when they may, will not,  
 But, being kept back, straight grow outragious.  
*Arden.* Though this abhorres from reason, yet ile try it,  
 55 And call her forth and presently take leaue.  
 How! Ales!

*Heere enters ALES.*

*Ales.* Husband, what meane you to get vp so earely?  
 Sommer-nights are short, and yet you ryse ere day.  
 Had I beene wake, you had not risen so soone.

33. *let him not* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 37. *ribald* C. — 49. *no*] *a*  
 Del. — 53. *grows* Jac. and Tyr. — 55—56. One line in old edd. — 57. *get vp*  
*rise* C. — 59. *rise* ABC and Bullen, *ris* Del., *rose* Tyr.; *rise* crept into the text  
 from l. 58; *ris* (?) and *rose* (part.) are not to be met with in Shakespeare.

*Arden.* Sweet loue, thou knowst that we two, Quid-like, 60  
 Haue often chid the morning when it gan to peepe,  
 And often wisht that darke nights purblind steedes  
 Would pull her by the purple mantle back,  
 And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.  
 But this night, sweete Ales, thou hast kild my hart: 65  
 I heard thee cal on Mosbie in thy sleepe.

*Ales.* Tis lyke I was asleepe when I nam'd him,  
 For beeing awake he comes not in my thoughts.

*Arden.* I, but you started vp and suddenly, 70  
 In steede of him, caught me about the necke.

*Ales.* In steede of him? why, who was there but you?  
 And where but one is, how can I mistake?

*Francklin.* Arden, leaue to urdge her ouer-farre.

*Arden.* Nay, loue, there is no credit in a dreame; 75  
 Let it suffice I know thou louest me well.

*Ales.* Now I remember wherevpon it came:  
 Had we no talke of Mosbie yesternight?

*Francklin.* Mistres Ales, I hard you name him once or twice.

*Ales.* And thereof came it, and therefore blame not me.

*Arden.* I know it did, and therefore let it passe. 80  
 I must to London, sweete Ales, presently.

*Ales.* But tell me, do you meane to stay there long?

*Arden.* No longer there till my affaires be done.

*Francklin.* He will not stay aboue a month at most.

*Ales.* A moneth? aye me! Sweete Arden, come againe 85  
 Within a day or two, or els I die.

*Arden.* I cannot long be from thee, gentle Ales.

Whilest Michel fetch our horses from the field,

Franklin and I will down unto the key;

For I have certaine goods there to vnload. 90

Meanewhile prepare our breakfast, gentle Ales;

For yet ere noone wele take horse and away.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.]

61. *often* om. by Mr. Bullen, as 'the compositor's eye caught the word from the following line'. But the sense seems to require *often* twice. — *morn when't* Tyr. and Del., but alexandrines occur very often in our play, cp. I. 167, 238, 248, 479, 492, 634; II. 1. 71, 2. 140, 144; III. 3. 31, 5. 73, 6. 2 &c. — 67. *when nam'd* C. — 68. *in*] to C. — 73. *leaue*] *forbear* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 79. *it, therefore* Del.

*Ales.* Ere noone he meanes to take horse and away!  
 Sweete newes is this. Oh that some ayrie spirit  
 95 Would in the shape and liknes of a horse  
 Gallope with Arden crosse the Ocean,  
 And throw him from his backe into the waues!  
 Sweete Mosbie is the man that hath my hart:  
 And he vsurpes it, having nought but this,  
 100 That I am tyed to him by marriage.  
 Loue is a God, and mariage is but words;  
 And therefore Mosbies title is the best.  
 Tushe! whether it be or no, he shall be mine,  
 In spite of him, of Hymen, and of rytes.

*Here enters ADAM of the Flourdeluce.*

105 And here comes Adam of the Flourdeluce:  
 I hope he brings me tydings of my loue.  
 — How now, Adam, what is the newes with you?  
 Be not affraid: my husband is now from home.

*Adam.* He whome you wot of, Mosbie, Mistres Ales,  
 110 Is come to towne, and sends you word by mee  
 In any case you may not visit him.

*Ales.* Not visit him?

*Adam.* No, nor take no knowledge of his beeing heere.

*Ales.* But tell me, is he angree or displeased?

115 *Adam.* Should seeme so, for he is wondrous sad.

*Ales.* Were he as mad as rauing Hercules,  
 Ile see him, I, and were thy house of force,  
 These hands of mine should race it to the ground,  
 Vnles that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

120 *Adam.* Nay, and you be so impatient, Ile be gone.

*Ales.* Stay, Adam, stay; thou wert wont to be my frend.  
 Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wrath;  
 Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice,  
 With which we plaid for kisses many a tyme,  
 125 And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee  
 (Such winning and such losing Joue send me);

103. *be so or* Tyr. and Bul. — 105. *come* C. — 113. *take knowledge* Del. (cp. ad l. 49). — 115. *It should* Del. — 121. *Adam, thou* Del.; read *thou'rt*.



And bid him, if his loue doo not decline,  
 To come this morning but along my dore,  
 And as a stranger but salute me there:  
 This may he do without suspect or feare. 130

*Adam.* Ile tell him what you say, and so farewell.

[*Exit ADAM.*

*Alas.* Doo, and one day Ile make amends for all. —  
 I know he loues me well, but dares not come,  
 Because my husband is so Jelious,  
 And these my narrow-prying neighbours blab 135  
 Hinder our meetings when we would conferre.  
 But, if I liue, that block shall be remoued,  
 And, Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stelth,  
 Shalt neither feare the biting speach of men  
 Nor Ardens lookes: as surely shall he die 140  
 As I abhorre him and loue onely thee.

*Here enters MICHAELL.*

How now, Michaell, whether are you going?

*Michaell.* To fetch my masters nagge.

I hope youle thinke on mee.

*Alas.* I; but, Michaell, see you keepe your oath, 145  
 And be as secret as you are resolute.

*Michaell.* Ile see he shall not liue aboue a weeke.

*Alas.* On that condition, Michaell, here is my hand:  
 None shall haue Mosbies sister but thy selfe.

*Michaell.* I vnderstand, the Painter heere hard by 150  
 Hath made reporte that he and Sue is sure.

*Alas.* There's no such matter, Michaell; beleeeue it not.

*Michaell.* But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart,  
 With a verse or two stollen from a painted cloath,  
 The which I heere the wench keepes in her chest. 155  
 Well, let her kepe it: I shall finde a fellow  
 That can both write and read and make rime too.  
 And if I doo — well, I say no more:

128. To om. A. — 135. marrow A. — 136. Hinders Jac., Tyr., and Del.; but cp. 2 H. VI. III. 1. 301 *Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.* — 138. comest C and Del. — 141. none but thee B. — 151. are C.

Ile send from London such a taunting letter  
 160 As she shall eat the hart he sent with salt  
 And fling the dagger at the Painters head.

*Ales.* What needes all this? I say that Susan's thine.

*Michaell.* Why, then I say that I will kill my master,  
 Or anything that you will haue me doo.

165 *Ales.* But, Michaell, see you doo it cunningly.

*Michaell.* Why, say I should be tooke, ile nere confesse  
 That you know anything; and Susan, being a Maide,  
 May begge me from the gallous of the Shrieve.

*Ales.* Trust not to that, Michaell.

170 *Michaell.* You can not tell me, I haue seene it, I.

But, mistres, tell her, whether I liue or die,  
 Ile make her more woorth then twenty Painters can;  
 For I will rid myne elder brother away,  
 And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.

175 Who would not venture vpon house and land,  
 When he may haue it for a right downe blowe?

*Here enters MOSBIE.*

*Ales.* Yonder comes Mosbie. Michaell, get thee gone,  
 And let not him nor any knowe thy drifts. [*Exit* MICHAELL.  
 Mosbie, my loue!

180 *Mosbie.* Away, I say, and talke not to me now.

*Ales.* A word or two, sweete hart, and then I will.  
 Tis yet but early daies, thou needest not feare.

*Mosbie.* Where is your husband?

*Ales.* Tis now high water, and he is at the key.

185 *Mosbie.* There let him be; henceforward know me not.

*Ales.* Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?

Is this the frute thy reconciliation buds?

Haue I for this giuen thee so many fauours,

Incurd my husbands hate, and (out alas!)

190 Made shipwrack of myne honour for thy sake?

160. *she* add. by Del. — 162. *that* om. C. — 164. *that* om. C. —  
 172. An alexandrine, *more* being read as a disyllable. — 173. *my* C. —  
 174. *Bocton* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 178. *drift* Tyr. — Here begins a new  
 scene in Tyr. Stage-dir.: *Before Arden's House. Enter Alice from the*  
*House, meeting Mosbie.* — 187. *this* om. C.

And dost thou say 'henceforward know me not'?  
 Remember, when I lockt thee in my closet,  
 What were thy words and mine; did we not both  
 Decree to murder Arden in the night?  
 The heauens can witnes, and the world can tell, 195  
 Before I saw that falshoode looke of thine,  
 Fore I was tangled with thy tying speech,  
 Arden to me was dearer then my soule, —  
 And shall be still: base pesant, get thee gone,  
 And boast not of thy conquest ouer me, 200  
 Gotten by witch-craft and meere sorcery!  
 For what hast thou to countenance my loue,  
 Beeing discended of a noble house,  
 And matcht already with a gentleman  
 Whose seruant thou maist be? — and so farewell. 205  
*Mosbie.* Vngentle and vnkinde Ales, now I see  
 That which I euer feard, and finde too trew:  
 A womans loue is as the lightning-flame,  
 Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe.  
 To trye thy constancie haue I beene strange: 210  
 Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope!  
*Ales.* What needs thou try me whom thou neuer found false?  
*Mosbie.* Yet pardon me, for loue is Jelious.  
*Ales.* So lists the Sailer to the Marmajds song,  
 So lookes the tranellour to the Basiliske: 215  
 I am content for to be reconcilde,  
 And that, I know, will be mine ouerthrow.  
*Mosbie.* Thine ouerthrow? first let the world dissolue.  
*Ales.* Nay, Mosbie, let me still inioye thy loue,  
 And happen what will, I am resolute. 220  
 My sauing husband hoordes up bagges of gould  
 To make our children rich, and now is hee  
 Gone to vnload the goods that shall be thine,  
 And he and Francklin will to London straight.  
*Mosbie.* To London, Ales? if thoult be rulde by mee, 225  
 Weele make him sure enough for comming there.  
*Ales.* Ah, would we could.

*Mosbie.* I happend on a Painter yesternight,  
 The onely cunning man of Christendoome;  
 230 For he can temper poyson with his oyle,  
 That who so lookes vpon the worke he drawes  
 Shall, with the beames that issue from his sight,  
 Suck vennome to his breast and slay him selfe.  
 Sweete Ales, he shall draw thy counterfet,  
 235 That Arden may by gaizing on it perish.

*Ales.* I, but, Mosbie, that is dangerous,  
 For thou, or I, or any other els,  
 Comming into the Chamber where it hangs, may die.

*Mosbie.* I, but weele haue it couered with a cloath  
 240 And hung vp in the studie for himselfe.

*Ales.* It may not be, for when the pictur's drawne,  
 Arden, I know, will come and shew it me.

*Mosbie.* Feare not; weele haue that shall serue the turne.  
 This is the painters house: Ile call him foorth.

245 *Ales.* But, Mosbie, Ile haue no such picture, I.

*Mosbie.* I pray thee leaue it to my discretion.  
 How! Clarke!

*Here enters CLARKE.*

O, you are an honest man of your word! you serud me wel.

*Clarke.* Why, sir, ile do it for you at any time,  
 250 Prouided, as you haue giuen your worde,  
 I may haue Susan Mosbie to my wife.  
 For, as sharpe-witted Poets, whose sweete verse  
 Make heauenly gods break of their Nector-draughts  
 And lay their eares down to the lowly earth,  
 255 Vse humble promise to their sacred Muse,  
 So we that are the Poets fauorits  
 Must haue a loue; I, Loue is the Painters Muse,  
 That makes him frame a speaking countenaunce,  
 A weeping eye that witnesses hartes grieve.

260 Then tell me, Master Mosbie, shall I haue hir?

*Ales.* Tis pittie but he should; heele vse her well.

*Mosbie.* Clarke, heers my hand: my sister shall be thine.

245. I] not I C. — 246—247. One line in ABC. — 251. to] for C. —  
 259. witnesseth BC.

*Clarke.* Then, brother, to requite this curtesie,  
You shall command my lyfe, my skill, and all.

*Ales.* Ah, that thou couldst be secret. 265

*Mosbie.* Feare him not; leaue, I haue talked sufficient.

*Clarke.* You know not me that ask such questions.  
Let it suffice I know you loue him well,  
And faine would haue your husband made away:  
Wherein, trust me, you shew a noble minde, 270

That rather then youle liue with him you hate  
Youle venture lyfe, and die with him you loue.

The like will I do for my Susans sake.

*Ales.* Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed  
But Mosbies loue. Might I without controll 275  
Inioy thee still, then Arden should not die:  
But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

*Mosbie.* Enough, sweete Ales; thy kinde words makes me melt.  
Your tricke of poysoned pictures we dislyke;  
Some other poyson would do better farre. 280

*Ales.* I, such as might be put into his broth,  
And yet in taste not to be found at all.

*Clarke.* I know your minde, and here I haue it for you.  
Put but a dram of this into his drinke,  
Or any kinde of broth that he shall eat, 285  
And he shall die within an houre after.

*Ales.* As I am a gentlewoman, Clarke, next day  
Thou and Susan shall be married.

*Mosbie.* And ile mak her dowry more then ile talk of, Clark.

*Clarke.* Yonder's your husband. Mosbie, ile be gone. 290

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.*

*Ales.* In good time see where my husband comes.  
Maister Mosbie, aske him the question your selfe. [*Exit CLARKE.*]

*Mosbie.* Maister Arden, being at London yesternight,  
The Abby lands, whereof you are now possest,  
Were offred me on some occasion 295

266. *not love*, I Tyr. — 270. *shew*] *beare* C. — 278. *make* C, Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 283. *it* om. C. — 288. Read: *Thou and Sú|san shall*|. — 292. *Maister Mosbie* is to be considered as one foot.

By Greene, one of sir Antony Agers men:  
 I pray you, sir, tell me, are not the lands yours?  
 Hath any other interest herein?

*Arden.* Mosby, that question wele decyde anon.

300 Ales, make ready my brekfast, I must hence. [*Exit ALES.*]

As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine

By letters patents from his Maiesty.

But I must haue a Mandat for my wyfe;

They say you seeke to robbe me of her loue:

305 Villaine, what makes thou in her company?

Shees no companion for so base a groome.

*Mosbie.* Arden, I thought not on her, I came to thee;

But rather then I pocket vp this wrong —

*Francklin.* What will you doo, sir?

310 *Mosbie.* Reuenge it on the proudest of you both.

[*Then ARDEN drawes forth MOSBIES sword.*]

*Arden.* So, sirha; you may not weare a sword,

The statute makes against artificers;

I warrand that I doo. Now vse your bodkin,

Your spanish needle, and your pressing Iron,

315 For this shall go with me; and marke my words,

You goodman botcher, tis to you I speake:

The next time that I take thee neare my house,

In steede of Legs Ile make thee crall on stumps.

*Mosbie.* Ah, maister Arden, you have iniurde mee:

320 I doo appeale to God and to the world.

*Francklin.* Why, canst thou deny thou wert a botcher once?

*Mosbie.* Measure me what I am, not what I was.

*Arden.* Why, what art thou now but a Veluet drudge,

A cheating steward, and base-minded pesant?

325 *Mosbie.* Arden, now thou hast belcht and vomited

The rancorous venome of thy mis-swolne hart,

Heare me but speake: as I intend to liue

With God and his elected saints in heauen,

I neuer meant more to solicit her;

330 And that she knowes, and all the world shall see.

298. *therein C.* — 302. *from*] of *C.* — 305. *makest C* and *Del.* —  
 308. *Ile put up C, Ile pocket up Tyr.*

I loued her once, sweete Arden, pardon me,  
 I could not chuse, her beauty fyred my heart;  
 But time hath quencht these ouerraging coles:  
 And, Arden, though I now frequent thy house,  
 Tis for my sisters sake, her waiting-maid, 335  
 And not for hers. Maiest thou enioy her long:  
 Hell-fyre and wrathfull vengeance light on me,  
 If I dishonor her or iniure thee.

*Arden.* Mosbie, with these thy protestations  
 The deadly hatred of my hart is appeased, 340  
 And thou and Ile be freends, if this proue trew.  
 As for the base tearmes I gaue thee late,  
 Forget them, Mosbie: I had cause to speake,  
 When all the Knights and gentlemen of Kent  
 Make common table-talke of her and thee. 345

*Mosbie.* Who liues that is not toucht with slaunderous tongues?

*Francklin.* Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speache of men,  
 Upon whose generall brute all honor hangs,  
 Forbeare his house.

*Arden.* Forbeare it! nay, rather frequent it more: 350  
 The worlde shall see that I distrust her not.  
 To warne him on the sudden from my house  
 Were to confirme the rumour that is growne.

*Mosbie.* By my faith, sir, you say trew,  
 And therefore will I sojourne here a while, 355  
 Untill our enemies haue talkt their fill;  
 And then, I hope, theile cease, and at last confesse  
 How causeles they have iniurde her and me.

*Arden.* And I will ly at London all this tearme  
 To let them see how light I wey their words. 360

*Here enters ALES.*

*Ales.* Husband, sit down; your brekfast will be could.

*Arden.* Come, M. Mosbie, will you sit with vs?

334. *now* om. C. — 342. *lately* conj. by Dyce, and adopted by Jac., Tyr., and Del.; but either suppose *base* to be used as a disyllable, or read *tearme* which I. — 353. *too* A. — 354. *By faith, my sir* ABC, *By my faith, sir* Tyr. and Del.; also proposed by Mr. Bullen in a Note. — 360. New scene in Tyr., with the stage-dir.: *Room in Arden's House, as before.* Enter Arden, Franklin, Mosbie, Michael, and Alice.

*Mosbie.* I can not eat, but ile sit for company.

*Arden.* Sirra Michael, see our horse be ready.

365 *Ales.* Husband, why pause ye? why eat you not?

*Arden.* I am not well; thers something in this broth  
That is not holesome: didst thou make it, Ales?

*Ales.* I did, and thats the cause it likes not you.

*Then she throwes down the broth on the ground.*

Thers nothing that I do can please your taste:

370 You were best to say I would haue poysoned you.

I cannot speak or cast aside my eye,

But he Imagines I haue stept awry.

Heres he that you cast in my teeth so oft:

Now will I be conuincd or purge my selfe.

375 I charge thee speake to this mistrustfull man,

Thou that wouldst see me hange, thou, Mosbye, thou:

What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse

At comming or departing from the Towne?

*Mosbie.* You wrong your selfe and me to cast these douts:

380 Your louing husband is not Jelious.

*Arden.* Why, gentle mistres Ales, cannot I be ill

But youle accuse your selfe?

Franckline, thou haste a boxe of Methridate:

Ile take a lytle to preuent the worst.

385 *Francklin.* Do so, and let vs presently take horse:

My lyfe for yours, ye shall do well enough.

*Ales.* Giue me a spoone, Ile eat of it my selfe:

Would it were full of poyson to the brim,

Then should my cares and troubles haue an end.

390 Was euer silly woman so tormented?

*Arden.* Be patient, sweete loue; I mistrust not thee.

*Ales.* God will reuenge it, Arden, if thou doest;

For neuer woman lou'd her husband better

Then I do thee.

395 *Arden.* I know it, sweete Ales; cease to complaine,

Least that in teares I answer thee againe.

364. *your* BC, *my* Tyr. — 365. *you* C. — 376. *bang* C. — 381—382. Divided at *Alice* || *self* || Del. — 393—394. One line in ABC and Del. — 394. *do* om. Tyr.



*Francklin.* Come, leaue this dallying, and let vs away.

*Ales.* Forbeare to wound me with that bitter word;

Arden shall go to London in my armes.

*Arden.* Loth am I to depart, yet I must go. 400

*Ales.* Wilt thou to London, then, and leaue me here?

Ah, if thou loue me, gentle Arden, stay:

Yet, if thy busines be of great Import,

Go if thou wilt, Ile beare it as I may;

But write from London to me every weeke, 405

Nay, euery day, and stay no longer there

Then thou must nedes, least that I die for sorrow.

*Arden.* Ile write vnto thee euery other tide:

And so farewell, sweete Ales, till we meete next.

*Ales.* Farewell, Husband, seeing youle haue it so; 410

And, M. Francklin, seeing you take him hence,

In hope youle hasten him home, Ile giue you this.

*And then she kisseth him.*

*Francklin.* And if he stay, the fault shall not be mine.

Mosbie, farewell, and see you keepe your oath.

*Mosbie.* I hope he is not Jelious of me now. 415

*Arden.* No, Mosbie, no: hereafter thinke of me

As of your dearest frend, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN, FRANCKLIN, and MICHAELL.]

*Ales.* I am glad he is gone; he was about to stay,

But did you marke me then how I brake of?

*Mosbie.* I, Ales, and it was cunningly performed. 420

But what a villaine is this painter Clarke!

*Ales.* Was it not a goodly poyson that he gaue?

Why, he's as well now as he was before.

It should haue bene some fine confection

That might haue giuen the broth some daintie taste: 425

This powder was to grosse and populos.

*Mosbie.* But had he eaten but three spoonefulles more,

Then had he died and our loue continued.

399. *mine* C. — 408. *other* om. C. — 415. *of*] *on* C. — 416. *of* om. C. — 421. *is this*] *was the* C. — 426. *populos*] *palpable* Del. 'Perhaps *populous* may be used in the sense of *thick, compact*; but I cannot quote for this use of the word'. Bullen; Webster, s. v. 3), quotes our passage and explains: 'suitable to common people; hence, common, inferior, vulgar.'

*Ales.* Why, so it shall, Mosbie, albeit he liue.

430 *Mosbie.* It is vnpossible, for I haue sworne  
Neuer hereafter to solícite thee,  
Or, whylest he liues, once more importune thee.

*Ales.* Thou shalt not neede, I will importune thee.  
What? shall an oath make thee forsake my loue?

435 As if I haue not sworne as much my selfe  
And giuen my hand vnto him in the church!  
Tush, Mosbie; oathes are wordes, and words is winde,  
And winde is mutable: then, I conclude,  
Tis childishnes to stand vpon an oath.

440 *Mosbie.* Well proued, Mistres Ales; yet by your leaue  
Ile keep mine vnbroken whilest he liues.

*Ales.* I, doo, and spare not, his time is but short;  
For if thou beest as resolute as I,  
Weele haue him murdered as he walkes the streets.  
445 In London many alehouse Ruffins keepe,  
Which, as I heare, will murther men for gould.  
They shall be soundly feed to pay him home.

*Here enters GREENE.*

*Mosbie.* Ales, whats he that comes yonder? knowest thou him?

*Ales.* Mosbie, be gone: I hope tis one that comes  
450 To put in practise our intended drifts. [Exit MOSBIE.]

*Greene.* Mistres Arden, you are well met.  
I am sorry that your husband is from home,  
Whenas my purposed iourney was to him:  
Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine,  
455 For I suppose that you can full discourse  
And flat resolute me of the thing I seeke.

*Ales.* What is it, maister Greene? If that I may  
Or can with safety, I will answer you.

*Greene.* I heard your husband hath the grant of late,  
460 Confirmed by letters patents from the king,  
Of all the lands of the Abby of Feuershame,

429. *so it shall* om. C. — 430. *impossible* C. — 437. *is* are BC, Tyr., and Del. — 447. *fed* ABC, corr. by mod. Edd. — 448. *him* om. C. — 459. *had* B. — 461. Read; *of th' Ab | by o' Fe | vershame |*.

Generally intitled, so that all former grants  
Are cut of; whereof I my selfe had one,  
But now my interest by that is void.

This is all, Mistres Arden; is it trew or no?

465

*Ales.* Trew, maister Greene; the lands are his in state,  
And whatsoever leases were before  
Are void for tearme of Maister Ardens lyfe;  
He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

*Greene.* Pardon me, mistres Arden, I must speake,  
For I am toucht. Your husband doth me wrong  
To wring me from the little land I haue:  
My liuing is my lyfe, onely that  
Resteth remainder of my portion.

470

Desyre of welth is endles in his minde,  
And he is gredy-gaping still for gaine,  
Nor cares he though young gentlemen do begge,  
So he may scrape and hoorde vp in his poutche.  
But, seeing he hath taken my lands, Ile value lyfe  
As careles as he is carefull for to get:  
And tell him this from me, Ile be reuenged,  
And so as he shall wishe the Abby lands  
Had rested still within their former state.

475

*Ales.* Alas, poore gentleman, I pittie you,  
And wo is me that any man should want;  
God knowes tis not my fault: but wonder not  
Though he be harde to others, when to me, —  
Ah, maister Greene, God knowes how I am vsde.

485

*Greene.* Why, mistres Arden, can the crabbed churle  
Vse you unkindely? respects he not your birth,  
Your honorable freends, nor what you brought?  
Why, all Kent knowes your parentage and what you are.

490

*Ales.* Ah, M. Greene, be it spoken in secret heere,  
I neuer liue good day with him alone:  
When hee is at home, then haue I froward lookes,  
Hard words and blowes to mend the match withall;

495

462. Read: *gen 'r 'ly | intitled | so that.* — 465. *or] nor A.* — 467. *were om. C.* — 472. *To wring from me the Jac., Tyr., and Del.; also prop. by Mr. Bullen.* But cp. *to wring the widow from her custumed right* 2 H. VI. V. 1. 188. — 474. *remained BC.*

And though I might content as good a man,  
 Yet doth he keepe in every corner trulles;  
 And, weary with his trugges at home,  
 500 Then rydes he straight to London; there, forsooth,  
 He reuelles it among such filthie ones  
 . As counsels him to make away his wyfe.  
 Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare,  
 In sorrow, so despairing of redres  
 505 As every day I wish with harty prayer  
 That he or I were taken forth the worlde.

*Greene.* Now trust me, mistres Ales, it greeneeth me  
 So faire a creature should be so abused.  
 Why, who would haue thought the ciuill sir so sollen?  
 510 He lookes so smoothly: now, fye vpon him, Churle!  
 And if he liue a day, he liues too long.  
 But frolick, woman, I shall be the man  
 Shall set you free from all this discontent;  
 And if the Churle deny my intereste  
 515 And will not yelde my lease into my hand,  
 Ile paye him home, what euer hap to me.

*Ales.* But speake you as you thinke?

*Greene.* I, Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,  
 For I had rather die then lose my land.  
 520 *Ales.* Then, maister Greene, be counsailed by me:  
 Indaunger not your selfe for such a Churle,  
 But hyre some Cutter for to cut him short,  
 And heer's ten pound to wager them withall;  
 When he is dead, you shall haue twenty more,  
 525 And the lands whereof my husband is possest  
 Shall be intytled as they were before.

*Greene.* Will you keepe promise with me?

*Ales.* Or count me false and periurde whilst I liue.

*Greene.* Then heeres my hand, Ile haue him so dispatcht.  
 530 Ile vp to London straight, Ile thether poast,  
 And neuer rest till I haue compast it:  
 Till then farewell.

*Ales.* Good fortune follow all your forward thoughts,  
[*Exit* GREENE.

And whosoever doth attempt the deede,  
A happie hand I wish, and so farewell. — 535  
All this goes well: Mosbie, I long for thee  
To let thee know all that I haue contriued.

*Here enters MOSBIE and CLARKE.*

*Mosbie.* How now, Ales, whats the newes?

*Ales.* Such as will content thee well, sweete hart.

*Mosbie.* Well, let them passe a while, and tell me, Ales, 540  
How have you dealt and tempered with my sister?  
What, will she have my neighbour Clarke, or no?

*Ales.* What, M. Mosbie! let him wooe him self:  
Thinke you that maides looke not for faire wordes?  
Go to her, Clarke; shees all alone within; 545  
Michaell my man is cleane out of her bookes.

*Clarke.* I thanke you, mistres Arden, I will in;  
And if faire Susan and I can make a gree,  
You shall command me to the vttermost,  
As farre as either goods or lyfe may stretch. 550  
[*Exit* CLARK.

*Mosbie.* Now, Ales, let's heare thy newes.

*Ales.* They be so good that I must laugh for ioy,  
Before I can begin to tell my tale.

*Mosbie.* Lets heare them, that I may laugh for company.

*Ales.* This morning, M. Greene, Dick Greene I meane, 555  
From whome my husband had the Abby land,  
Came hether, railing, for to know the trueth  
Whether my husband had the lands by grant.  
I tould him all, whereat he stormd amaine  
And swore he would cry quittance with the Churle, 560  
And, if he did denye his enterest,

537. Tyr. begins here the second act, giving as stage-dir.: *Enter Mosbie and Clarke, meeting Alice.* — 539. *Such*, a monosyllabic foot. — 544. *faire*, used as a disyllable. — 548. *make agree* C, *can agree* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 554. *them, then, that* Jac., Tyr., and Del.; read *hear'm*, or consider the line as an alexandrine. — 556. *lands* Del.

- Stabbe him, whatsoeuer did befall him selfe.  
 When as I sawe his choller thus to rise,  
 I whetted on the gentleman with words;  
 565 And, to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew  
 To composition for my husbands death.  
 I gaue him ten pound to hire knaues,  
 By some deuise to make away the Churle;  
 When he is dead, he should haue twenty more  
 570 And repossesse his former lands againe.  
 On this we greed, and he is ridden straight  
 To London, to bring his death about.  
*Mosbie.* But call you this good newes?  
*Ales.* I, sweete hart, be they not?  
 575 *Mosbie.* Twere cherefull newes to hear the churle wer dead;  
 But trust me, Ales, I take it passing ill  
 You would be so forgetfull of our state  
 To make recount of it to euey groome.  
 What! to acquaint each stranger with our drifts,  
 580 Cheefely in case of murther, why, tis the way  
 To make it open vnto Ardens selfe  
 And bring thy selfe and me to ruine both.  
 Forewarnde, forearmde: who threats his enemye,  
 Lends him a sword to garde himselfe withall.  
 585 *Ales.* I did it for the best.  
*Mosbie.* Well, seeing tis don, cherely let it pas.  
 You know this Greene: is he not religious,  
 A man, I gesse, of great devotion?  
*Ales.* He is.  
 590 *Mosbie.* Then, sweete Ales, let it pas: I haue a dryft  
 Will quyet all, what euer is amis.

*Here enters CLARKE and SUSAN.*

- Ales.* How now, Clarke? have you found me false?  
 Did I not plead the matter hard for you?  
*Clarke.* You did.  
 595 *Mosbie.* And what? wilt be a match?

562. *whatever* Del., but read *e'er*. — 571. *agreed* Jac., Tyr., and Del. —  
 586. *cheerefully* C, *clearly* Tyr. — 590. *sweete* Ales om. C.

*Clarke.* A match, I faith, sir: I, the day is mine.  
 The Painter layes his cullours to the lyfe,  
 His pensel draws no shadowes in his loue.  
 Susan is mine.

*Ales.* You make her blushe. 600

*Mosbie.* What, sister, is it Clarke must be the man?

*Susan.* It resteth in your graunt; some words are past,  
 And happely we be growne vnto a match,  
 If you be willing that it shall be so.

*Mosbie.* Ah, maister Clarke, it resteth at my grant: 605  
 You see my sister's yet at my dispose.  
 But, so youle graunt me one thing I shall aske,  
 I am content my sister shall be yours.

*Clarke.* What is it, M. Mosbie?

*Mosbie.* I doo remember once in secret talke 610  
 You tould me how you could compound by Arte  
 A crucifix impoysoned,  
 That who so looke vpon it should waxe blinde  
 And with the sent be stifeled, that ere long  
 He should dye poysond that did view it wel. 615  
 I would haue you make me such a crucifix,  
 And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

*Clarke.* Though I am loath, because it toucheth lyfe,  
 Yet, rather or Ile leaue sweete Susans loue,  
 Ile do it, and with all the haste I may. 620  
 But for whome is it?

*Ales.* Leaue that to vs. Why, Clarke, is it possible  
 That you should paint and draw it out your selfe,  
 The cullours beeing balefull and impoysoned,  
 And no waies preiudice your selfe withall? 625

*Mosbie.* Well questioned, Ales: Clarke, how answer you that?

*Clarke.* Very easily: Ile tell you straight  
 How I doo worke of these Impoysoned drugs.  
 I fasten on my spectacles so close  
 As nothing can any way offend my sight; 630

596. *ay, faith* Del.; but as *I = ay* directly follows, it seems better to understand *i'faith*. — 613. *look'd* Del. — 619. *Ile*] *I C.* — 626. Two lines ABC.

Then, as I put a leafe within my nose,  
 So put I rubarbe to auoid the smell,  
 And softly as another worke I paint.

*Mosbie.* Tis very well; but against when shall I haue it?

635 *Clarke.* Within this ten dayes.

*Mosbie.* Twill serue the turne.

Now, Ales, lets in and see what cheere you keepe.

I hope, now M. Arden is from home,

Youle giue me leaue to play your husbands part.

*Ales.* Mosbie, you know, whose maister of my hart,

640 He well may be the master of the house. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Country between Feversham and London.*

*Enter GREENE and BRADSHAW.*

*Bradshaw.* See you them that coms yonder, M. Greene?

*Greene.* I, very well: doo you know them?

*Here enters BLACKE WILL and SHAKEBAGGE.*

*Bradshaw.* The one I knowe not, but he seemes a knaue  
 Cheefly for bearing the other company;

5 For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,

Lyues not againe vpon the earth.

Blacke Will is his name. I tell you, M. Greene,

At Bulloine he and I were fellow-souldiers,

Where he plaid such pranks

10 As all the Campe feard him for his villany:

I warrant you he beares so bad a minde

That for a croune heele murther any man.

*Greene.* — The fitter is he for my purpose, mary.

*Will.* How now, fellow Bradshaw? Whether away so earely?

15 *Bradshaw.* O Will, times are changed: no fellows now,

640. *He]* As Jac., Tyr., and Del.

ACT II. SCENE I. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1. *come* C, Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 9. *Where* to be read as a disyllable; cp. l. 34. — 10. Read *th'camp*. — 14. Printed as two lines in Edd., div. at *Bradshaw*.



Though we were once together in the field;  
Yet thy freend to doo thee any good I can.

*Will.* Why, Bradshawe, was not thou and I Fellow-souldiers  
at Bulloine, wher I was a corporall and thou but a base mer-  
cenarye groome? No fellowes now! because you are a gould- 20  
smith and haue a lytle plate in your shoppe! You were glad  
to call me 'fellow Will', and with a cursy to the earth 'One  
snatch, good corporall', when I stole the halfe Oxe from John  
the vitler, and domineer'd with it amongst good fellowes in  
one night. 25

*Bradshaw.* I, Will, those dayes are past with me.

*Will.* I, but they be not past with me, for I kepe that  
same honorable mind still. Good neighbour Bradshaw, you  
are too proude to be my fellow; but were it not that I see  
more company comming down the hill, I would be fellowes 30  
with you once more, and share Crownes with you to. But  
let that pas, and tell me whether you goe.

*Bradshaw.* To London, Will, about a peece of seruice,  
Wherein happely thou maist pleasure me.

*Will.* What is it? 35

*Bradshaw.* Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,  
Which one did bring and sould it at my shoppe,  
Saying he serued sir Antony Cooke.  
A search was made, the plate was found with me,  
And I am bound to answer at the syse. 40  
Now, Lord Cheiny solemnly vowes, if law  
Will serue him, hele hang me for his plate.  
Now I am going to London vpon hope  
To finde the fellow. Now, Will, I know  
Thou art acquainted with such companions. 45

*Will.* What manner of man was he?

*Bradshaw.* A leane-faced writhen knaue,

18—25. Printed as verse in Edd., div. at *Bulloine* | *groome* | *gouldsmith* | *shoppe* | *Will* | *earth* | *corporall* | *vitler* | *fellowes* | *night* |. Also Mr. Bullen, who follows the old edd. (except in the beginning and *I* | *corporall* | *groome* ), says in a note: 'This speech and others should doubtless be considered as prose'. — 27—32. Div. in old Edd. at *me* | *still* | *fellow* | *down* | *more* | *you to* | *gol.* — 41—42. Div. at *vowes* | *plate* | in Edd. — 45. Read *acquaint'd*.

Hauke-nosde and verye hollow-cied,  
 With mightye furrowes in his stormye browes;  
 50 Long haire down his shoulders curled;  
 His Chinne was bare, but on his vpper lippe  
 A mutchado, which he wound about his eare.

*Will.* What apparell had he?

*Bradshaw.* A watchet sattin doublet all to torne,  
 55 The inner side did beare the greater show;  
 A paire of threed-bare Veluet hose, scame rent,  
 A wosted stockin rent about the shoe,  
 A livery cloake, but all the lace was of;  
 Twas bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate.

60 *Will.* Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remember since we  
 trould the boule at Sittingburgh, where I broke the Tapsters  
 head of the Lyon with a Cudgill-sticke?

*Shakebagge.* I, very well, Will.

*Will.* Why, it was with the money that the plate was  
 65 sould for. Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him that can  
 telle thee who sould thy plate?

*Bradshaw.* Who, I pray thee, good Will?

*Will.* Why, twas one Jack Fitten. He's now in Newgate  
 for stealing a horse, and shall be arrainde the next sise.

70 *Bradshaw.* Why, then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fitten forth,  
 For Ile backe and tell him who robbed him of his plate.  
 This cheeres my hart; M. Greene, Ile leaue you,  
 For I must to the Ile of Sheppy with speede.

*Greene.* Before you go, let me intreat you  
 75 To carry this letter to mistres Arden of Feuershame  
 And humbly recommend me to her selfe.

*Bradshaw.* That will I, M. Grene, and so farewell.  
 Heere, Will, theres a Crowne for thy good newes.

[*Exit* BRADSHAWE.]

49. *his* om. C. — 50. *down* to C and Del., but *haire* may be considered as a disyllable. — 52. Read *'bout* — 54. *to*] *so* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 55. *greatest* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 60—62. Div. at *remember* | *Sittingburgh* | *Lyon* | *sticke* | in old. Edd. — 61. *Sittingburne* C, Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 62. *of*] at C. — 65. *for, sirrah.* *Bradshaw* Del. — 68—69. Div. at *Fitten* | *horse* | *sise* | in Edd. — 71. *goe* backe C.

*Will.* Farewell, Bradshaw; Ile drinke no water for thy sake whilst this lasts. — Now, gentleman, shall we haue 80  
your company to London?

*Greene.* Nay, stay, sirs:

A lytle more I needs must vse your helpe,  
And in a matter of great consequence,  
Wherein if youle be secret and profound, 85  
Ile giue you twenty Angels for your paines.

*Will.* How? twenty Angels? giue my fellow George Shakbag and me twenty Angels? And if thoult haue thy owne father slaine, that thou mayst inherit his land, weele kill him. 90

*Shakebagge.* I, thy Mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy kin.

*Greene.* Well, this it is: Arden of Feuershame  
Hath highly wrongd me about the Abby land,  
That no reuendge but death will serue the turne.  
Will you two kill him? heeres the Angels downe, 95  
And I will lay the platforme of his death.

*Will.* Plat me no platformes; giue me the money, and Ile stab him as he stands pissing against a wall but Ile kill him.

*Shakebagge.* Where is he? 100

*Greene.* He is now at London, in Aldersgate streete.

*Shakebagge.* He's dead as if he had beene condemned by an act of parliament, if once Black Will and I sweare his death.

*Greene.* Here is ten pound, and when he is dead, 105  
Ye shall haue twenty more.

*Will.* My fingers itches to be at the pesant. Ah, that I might be set a worke thus through the yeere, and that murder would grow to an occupation, that a man might without

79—81. Div. at *Bradshaw* | *lasts* | *London* | in Edd. — 80. *while* C; *doth last* B, *does last* C. — 82—83. One line in Edd., div. by Mr. Bullen. — 87—90. Div. at *fellow* | *Angels* | *slaine* | *him* | in Edd. — 93. *mightily* C; *the* om. BC, read 'bout. — 95. *here are the* Del. — 97—99. Div. at *money* | *him* | in old Edd. — 102—104. Div. at *condemned* | *and I* | *death* | in Edd. — 107—113. Div. at *pesant* | *yeere* | *occupation* | *law* | *company* | *Rochester* | *Sack* | *all* | in Edd. — 107. *itch* C, Jac., Tyr., and Del.; *Ah*] *Oh* C. — 108. *aworke*] *at worke* C.

110 daunger of law —: zounds, I warrant I should be warden of  
 the company. Come, let vs be going, and wele bate at  
 Rochester, where Ile give thee a gallon of Sack to hansell  
 the match withall. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*London. A Street near St. Paul's.*

*Enter MICHAELL.*

*Michaell.* I have gotten such a letter as will touch the Painter:  
 And thus it is:

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANCKLIN and heares MICHAELL  
 read this letter.*

‘My ductye remembred, mistres Susan, hoping in God you  
 be in good health, as I Michaell was at the making  
 5 heereof. This is to certifie you that as the Turtle  
 true, when she hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I,  
 mourning for your absence, do walk vp and down  
 Poules til one day I fell a sleepe and lost my maisters  
 Pantophelles. Ah, mistres Susan, abbolishe that paltry  
 10 Painter, cut him off by the shinnes with a frowning  
 looke of your crabed countenance, and think vpon  
 Michaell, who, druncke with the dregges of your fauour,  
 wil cleaue as fast to your loue as a plaster of Pitch  
 to a gald horse-back. Thus hoping you will let my  
 15 passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your  
 meeke hands, I end.

Yours, Michaell, or else not Michaell.

*Arden.* Why, you paltrie knaue,  
 Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,  
 20 What haste my busines craues to send to Kent?

*Francklin.* Faith, frend Michaell, this is very ill,  
 Knowing your maister hath no more but you,  
 And do ye slacke his busines for your own?

SCENE II. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1—2. Div. at *letter* | in old  
 Edd.; printed as prose by Del. — 23. *for om.* C.

*Arden.* Where is the letter, sirra? let me see it.

*Then he giues him the letter.*

See, maister Francklin, heres proper stuffe: 25  
 Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,  
 A crue of harlots, all in loue, forsooth;  
 Sirra, let me heare no more of this,  
 Nor for thy lyfe once write to her a worde.

*Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG.*

Wilt thou be married to so base a trull? 30  
 Tis Mosbies sister: come I once at home,  
 Ile rouse her from remaining in my house.  
 Now, M. Francklin, let vs go walke in Paules;  
 Come but a turne or two, and then away. [*Exeunt.*

*Greene.* The first is Arden, and thats his man, 35  
 The other is Francklin, Arden's dearest freend.

*Will.* Zounds, Ile kill them all three.

*Greene.* Nay, sirs, touch not his man in any case;  
 But stand close, and take you fittest standing,  
 And at his comming foorth speede him: 40  
 To the Nages head, ther is this cowards haunt.  
 But now Ile leaue you till the deed be don. [*Exit GREENE.*

*Shakebagge.* If he be not paid his owne, nere trust Shakebagge.

*Will.* Sirra Shakbag, at his comming foorth Ile runne him 45  
 through, and then to the Blackfreers, and there take water and  
 away.

*Shakebagge.* Why, thats the best; but see thou misse him not.

*Will.* How can I misse him, when I thinke on the fortye  
 Angels I must haue more?

*Here enters PRENTISE.*

*Prentise.* 'Tis very late; I were best shute vp my stall, for 50  
 heere will be ould filching, when the presse comes foorth of  
 Paules.

29. *Nor*] *Now* ABC, *Nor* first Jac. Mr. Bullen, too, prints *Nor*, but says in a Note: '*Now* may stand, if we place a hyphen at the end of the line, and suppose the sentence is left unfinished'. There is however no reason why we should suppose the line to be left unfinished; cp. l. 30. — 32. *from*] *for* C. — 41. *this* om. C. — 44—46. Div. at *foorth* | *Blackfreers* | *away* | in Edd. — 45. *there*] *then* C. — 48—49. Div. at *fortye* | *more* | in Edd. — 50—52. Div. at *stall* | *Paules* | in Edd.

*Then lettes he downe his window, and it breaks* BLACK WILS *head.*

*Will.* Zounds, draw, Shakbag, draw, I am almost kild.

*Prentise.* Wele tame you, I warrant.

55 *Will.* Zounds, I am tame enough already.

*Here enters* ARDEN, FRANCKLIN, *and* MICHAELL.

*Arden.* What trublesome fray or mutany is this?

*Francklin.* 'Tis nothing but some brabbling paltry fray,  
Deuised to pick mens pockets in the throng.

*Arden.* Ist nothing els? come, Franklin, let vs away.

[*Exeunt.*

60 *Will.* What mends shall I haue for my broken head?

*Prentise.* Mary, this mends, that if you get you not away  
all the sooner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the  
counter.

[*Exit* PRENTISE.

*Will.* Well, Ile be gone, but looke to your signes, for  
65 Ile pull them down all. Shakbag, my broken head greeues  
me not so much as by this meanes Arden hath escaped.

*Here enters* GREENE.

I had a glimse of him and his companion.

*Greene.* Why, sirs, Arden's as well as I; I met  
Him and Francklin going merrily to the ordinary.

70 What, dare you not do it?

*Will.* Yes, sir, we dare do it; but, were my consent to  
giue againe, we would not do it vnder ten pound more. I  
value euery drop of my blood at a french Crowne. I haue  
had ten pound to steale a dogge, and we haue no more  
75 heere to kill a man; but that a bargane is a bargane, and  
so foorth, you should do it your selfe.

*Greene.* I pray thee, how came thy head broke?

*Will.* Why, thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

*Shakbagge.* Standing against a staule, watching Ardens

53. *Shakbag*, I C. — 57. *babling* Jac., *babbling* Tyr., *bawbling* Del. —  
61—64. Div. at *away* | *counter* | in Edd. — 64—66. Div. at *signes* | *all* |  
*much* | *escaped* | in Edd. — 67. Given to *Greene* by Del. — 69. *ordinary*  
*again* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 71—76. Div. at *againe* | *more* | *Crowne* | *dogge* |  
*man* | *foorth* | *selfe* | in Edd.; printed as prose by Del. — 71. *sir*, *sir* C. —  
79—83. Div. at *comming* | *head* | *tumult* | *on* | *acquittance* | *thee* | in Edd.

comming, a boy let down his shop-window and broke his head; wherevpon arose a broul, and in the tumult Arden escapt vs and past by vnthought on. But forberance is no acquittance; another time wele do it, I warrant thee. 80

*Greene.* I pray thee, Will, make cleane thy bloodie brow,  
And let vs bethink vs on some other place 85  
Where Arden may be met with handsomly.  
Remember how deuoutly thou hast sworne  
To kill the villaine; thinke upon thyne oath.

*Will.* Tush, I haue broken fise hundred oathes!  
But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede, 90  
Tell me of gould, my resolutions fee;  
Say thou seest Mosbie kneeling at my knees,  
Offring me seruice for my high attempt,  
And sweete Ales Arden, with a lap of crownes,  
Comes with a lowly cursy to the earth, 95  
Saying 'take this but for thy quarterige,  
Such yeerely tribute will I answer thee.'  
Why, this would steale soft-metled cowardice,  
With which Black Will was neuer tainted yet.  
I tell thee, Greene, the forlorne trauailer, 100  
Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,  
Nere longd so much to see a running brooke  
As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.  
Seest thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?  
From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine, 105  
Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

*Greene.* Why, thats wel said; but what saith Shakbag?

*Shakebagge.* I cannot paint my valour out with words:  
But, giue me place and opportunitie, 110  
Such mercy as the staruen Lyones,  
When she is dry suckt of her eager young,  
Showes to the pray that next encounters her,  
On Arden so much pitty would I take.

*Greene.* So should it faire with men of firme resolute.

83. *quittance* BC. — 89. Read *hundered*. — 95. *Come* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 96. *quartering* Del. — 98. *metled* BC. — 99. *tainted yet*] *tainted with* ABC; corr. by Jac. — 101. *Summer parching* C. — 111. *her* om. C. —

- 115 And now, sirs, seeing this accident  
 Of meeting him in Paules hath no successe,  
 Let vs bethinke vs of some other place  
 Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens bloode.

*Here enters MICHAELL.*

- Sc, yonder comes his man: and wat you what?  
 120 The foolish knaue is in loue with Mosbies sister,  
 And for her sake, whose loue he cannot get  
 Unlesse Mosbie solicit his sute,  
 { The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his maister.  
 Weele question him, for he may stead vs muche. —  
 125 How now, Michael, whether are you going?  
*Michaell.* My maister bath new supt,  
 And I am going to prepare his chamber.  
*Greene.* Where supt M. Arden?  
*Michaell.* At the Nages head, at the 18 pence ordinarye.  
 130 How now, M. Shakbag? what, Black Wil!  
 Gods deere lady, how chaunce your face is so bloody?  
*Will.* Go too, sirra, there is a chaunce in it:  
 This sawcines in you wil make you be knockt.  
*Michaell.* Nay, and you be offended, ile be gone.  
 135 *Greene.* Stay, Michael, you may not scape vs so.  
 Michael, I knowe you loue your Master wel.  
*Michaell.* Why, so I do; but wherefore vrdge you that?  
*Greene.* Because I thinke you loue your mistres better.  
*Michaell.* So think not I; but say, yfaith, what, if I should?  
 140 *Shakebagge.* Come to the purpose, Michael; we heare  
 You haue a pretty loue in Feuershame.  
*Michaell.* Why, haue I two or three, whats that to thee?  
*Will.* You deale to mildely with the pesant. Thus it is:  
 Tis knowne to vs you loue Mosbies sister;  
 145 We know besides that you haue tane your oath  
 To further Mosbie to your mistres bed,  
 And kill your Master for his sisters sake.

117. *of*] on C. — 129. *eighteen-penny* Tyr. — 133. *be* om. BC (Read *you'd*). — 135. Read *escape*. — 144. *vs that you* Bull.; but the line has only four accents. — 146. *your*] you C.



Now, sir, a poorer coward then your selfe  
 Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent:  
 How comes it then that such a knaue as you 150  
 Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

*Greene.* Ah, Will —

*Will.* Tush, giue me leaue, thers no more but this:  
 Sith thou hast sworne, we dare discouer all;  
 And hadst thou or shouldst thou vtter it, 155  
 We have deuised a complat vnder hand,  
 What euer shall betide to any of vs,  
 To send thee roundly to the diuell of hell.  
 And therefore thus: I am the very man,  
 Markt in my birth-howre by the destynies, 160  
 To giue an end to Ardens lyfe on earth;  
 Thou but a member but to whet the knife  
 Whose edge must search the closet of his breast:  
 Thy office is but to appoint the place  
 And traine thy Master to his tragedy; 165  
 Myne to performe it when occasion serues.  
 Then be not nice, but here deuise with vs  
 How and what way we may conclude his death.

*Shakebagge.* So shalt thou purchase Mosbie for thy frend,  
 And by his frendship gaine his sisters loue. 170

*Greene.* So shal thy mistres be thy fauorer,  
 And thou disburdned of the oath thou made.

*Michaell.* Well, gentlemen, I cannot but confesse,  
 Sith you haue vrdged me so aparantly,  
 That I have vowed my M. Ardens death; 175  
 And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand  
 Doth challenge naught but good deserts of me,  
 I will delyuer ouer to your hands.  
 This night come to his house at Aldersgate:  
 The dores Ile leaue vnlockt against you come. 180  
 No sooner shall ye enter through the latch,  
 Ouer the thresholde to the inner court,  
 But on your left hand shall you see the staires  
 That leads directly to my Masters chamber:

185 There take him and dispose him as ye please.

Now it were good we parted company;

What I haue promised, I will performe.

*Will.* Should you deceiue vs, twould go wrong with you.

*Michael.* I will accomplish al I haue reuealde.

190 *Will.* Come, let's go drinke: choller makes me as drye as  
a dog.

*Exeunt WILL, GREENE, and SHAKEBAG. Manet MICHAELL.*

*Michael.* Thus feedes the Lambe securely on the downe,

Whilst through the thicket of an arber-brake

The hunger-bitten Woulfe orepyres his hant

195 And takes aduantage for to eat him vp.

Ah, harmeles Arden, how, how hast thou misdona,

That thus thy gentle lyfe is leueld at?

The many good turnes that thou hast don to me,

Now must I quitance with betraying thee.

200 I that should take the weapon in my hand

And buckler thee from ill-intending foes,

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,

As vnsuspected, to the slaughterhouse.

So haue I sworne to Mosby and my mistres,

205 So haue I promised to the slaughtermen;

And should I not deale currently with them,

Their lawless rage would take reuenge on me.

Tush, I will spurne at mercy for this once:

Let pittie lodge where feeble women ly,

210 I am resolu'd, and Arden needs must die. [*Exit MICHAELL.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*A Room in FRANCKLIN'S House, at Aldersgate.*

*Enter ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.*

*Arden.* No, Francklin, no: if feare or stormy threts,  
If loue of me or care of womanhoode,

195. *for* add. by Tyr. and Bul. — 198. *that* om. C. — 202. *wicked* om. C.

ACT III. SCENE I. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr.

If feare of God or common speach of men,  
 Who mangle credit with their wounding words,  
 And cooch dishonor as dishonor buds, 5  
 Might ioyne repentaunce in her wanton thoughts,  
 No question then but she would turn the leafe  
 And sorrow for her desolution;  
 But she is rooted in her wickednes,  
 Peruerse and stobburne, not to be reclaimde; 10  
 Good counsell is to her as raine to wetdes,  
 And reprehension makes her vice to grow  
 As Hydraes head that plenisht by decay.  
 Her faults, me thinks, are painted in my face,  
 For euery searching eye to ouerreede; 15  
 And Mosbies name, a scandale vnto myne,  
 Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.  
 Ah, Francklin, Francklin, when I think on this,  
 My harts greefe rends my other powers  
 Worse then the conflict at the houre of death. 20

*Francklin.* Gentle Arden, leaue this sad lament:

She will amend, and so your greefes will cease;  
 Or els shele die, and so your sorrows end.  
 If neither of these two do happely fall,  
 Yet let your comfort be that others beare 25  
 Your woes, twice doubled all, with patience.

*Arden.* My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.

*Francklin.* Then stay with me in London, go not home.

*Arden.* Then that base Mosbie doth vsurpe my roome  
 And makes his triumphe of my beeing thence. 30  
 At home or not at home, where ere I be,  
 Heere, heere it lyes, ah Francklin, heere it lyes  
 That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

*Here enters MICHAELL.*

*Francklin.* Forget your greefes a while; heer coms your man.

*Arden.* What a Clock ist, sirra? 35

*Michaell.* Almost ten.

5. *cooch*] *crop* Del. — 9. *her* om. C. — 13. *that* om. C; *perisht* ABC,  
*flourisht* conj. by Del. and Bull. — 14. *me think* ABC.

*Arden.* See, see, how runnes away the weary time!  
Come, M. Francklin, shal we go to bed?

[*Exeunt* ARDEN and MICHAELL.

[*Manet* FRANCKLIN.

- Francklin.* I pray you, go before: Ile follow you.  
40 — Ah, what a hell is fretfull Jelousie!  
What pittie-mouing words, what deepe-fetcht sighes,  
What greeuous grones and ouerlading woes  
Accompanies this gentle gentleman!  
Now will he shake his care-oppressed head,  
45 Then fix his sad eis on the sollen earth,  
Ashamed to gaze vpon the open world;  
Now will he cast his eyes vp towards the heauens,  
Looking that waies for redresse of wrong:  
Some times he seeketh to beguile his grieve  
50 And tels a story with his carefull tongue;  
Then comes his wiues dishonor in his thoughts  
And in the middle cutteth of his tale,  
Powring fresh sorrow on his weary lims.  
So woe-begone, so inlye charged with woe,  
55 Was neuer any lyued and bare it so.

*Here enters* MICHAELL.

*Michaell.* My Master would desire you come to bed.

*Francklin.* Is he himselfe already in his bed?

[*Exit* FRANCKLIN. *Manet* MICHAELL.

- Michaell.* He is, and faine would haue the light away.  
— Conflicting thoughts, incamped in my brest,  
60 Awake me with the Echo of their strokes,  
And I, a iudge to censure either side,  
Can giue to neither wished victory.  
My masters kindnes pleads to me for lyfe  
With iust demaund, and I must grant it him:  
65 My mistres she hath forced me with an oath,  
For Susans sake, the which I may not breake,  
For that is nearer then a masters loue:

41. *moning* A; *deepe-fetch* C. — 43. *Accompany* Jac., Tyr., and Del. —  
48. Read *Looking that* [. — 50. *tels*] *tals* A.

That grim-faced fellow, pittiles Black-Will,  
 And Shakebag, stearne in bloody stratageme,  
 Two Ruffer Ruffins neuer liued in Kent, 70  
 Have sworne my death, if I infrindge my vow,  
 A dreadfull thing to be considred of.  
 Me thinks I see them with their bolstred haire  
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,  
 And in their ruthles hands their daggers drawne, 75  
 Insulting ore thee with a peck of oathes,  
 Whilest thou submissiue, pleading for releefe,  
 Art mangled by their irefull instruments.  
 Me thinks I heare them aske where Michael is,  
 And pittiles Black-Will cries: 'Stab the slaue! 80  
 The Pesant will detect the Tragedy!'  
 The wrinces in his fowle death-threatning face  
 Gapes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.  
 My death to him is but a merrymment,  
 And he will murther me to make him sport. 85  
 He comes, he comes! ah, M. Francklin, helpe!  
 Call vp the neighbors, or we are but dead!

*Here enters FRANCKLIN and ARDEN.*

*Francklin.* What dismall outcry cals me from my rest?

*Arden.* What hath occasiond such a fearefull crye?

Speake, Michael: hath any iniurde thee? 90

*Michael.* Nothing, sir; but as I fell asleepe,  
 Vpon the thresholde leaning to the staires,  
 I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,  
 And in my slumber thought I was beset  
 With murtherer theeués that came to rille me. 95  
 My trembling ioints witnes my inward feare:  
 I craue your pardons for disturbing you.

*Arden.* So great a cry for nothing: I nere heard.  
 What? are the doores fast lockt and al things safe?

*Michael.* I cannot tel; I think I lockt the doores. 100

*Arden.* I like not this, but Ile go see my selfe. —  
 Nere trust me but the dores were all vnlockt:

76. *thee*] *there* AB. — 83. *Gape* Del. — 86. *ah* om. C. — 92. *leading*  
 Del. — 102. *were*] *are* BC.

This negligence not halfe contenteth me.  
 Get you to bed, and, if you loue my fauour,  
 105 Let me haue no more such pranckes as these.  
 Come, M. Francklin, let vs go to bed.  
*Francklin.* I, be my faith; the aire is very colde.  
 Michael, farewell; I pray thee dreame no more. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Outside FRANCKLIN'S House.*

*Here enters WILL, GREENE, and SHAKEBAG.*

*Shakebag.* Black night hath hid the pleasures of the day,  
 And sheting darknesse ouerhangs the earth  
 And with the black folde of her cloudy robe  
 Obscures vs from the eiesight of the worlde,  
 5 In which swete silence such as we triumph.  
 The laysie minuts linger on their time,  
 Loth to giue due audit to the howre,  
 Til in the watch our purpose be complete  
 And Arden sent to euerlasting night.  
 10 Greene, get you gone and linger here about,  
 And at some houre hence come to vs againe,  
 Where we will giue you instance of his death.  
*Greene.* Speede to my wish, whose wil so ere sayes no;  
 And so ile leaue you for an howre or two. [*Exit GREENE.*]  
 15 *Will.* I tel thee, Shakebag, would this thing wer don:  
 I am so heany that I can scarce go;  
 This drowsines in me bods little good.  
*Shakebag.* How now, Will? become a precission?  
 Nay, then lets go sleepe, when buges and feares  
 20 Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke.  
*Will.* Why, Shakbagge, thou mistakes me much,  
 And wrongs me to in telling me of feare.  
 Wert not a serious thing we go about,

SCENE II. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1. *pleasure* Jac., Tyr., and Del. —  
 4. *obscure* AB. — 7. *As loth* Jac., Tyr., and Del., and adopted by Bull.,  
 but *Loth* may be considered as a monosyllabic foot. — 16. *can* om. Del. —  
 19. *then* om. C. — 21. *mistakest* C. — 22. *wrongst* C; *me in the telling me* BC.

It should be slipt til I had fought with thee,  
 To let thee know I am no coward, I. 25  
 I tel thee, Shakbag, thou abusest me.

*Shakebagge.* Why, thy speach bewraied an inlye kind of feare,  
 And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.  
 Go forward now in that we haue begonne,  
 And afterwards attempt me when thou darest. 30

*Will.* And if I do not, heauen cut me of!  
 But let that passe, and show me to this house,  
 Where thou shalt see Ile do as much as Shakbag.

*Shakebagge.* This is the doore; but soft, me thinks tis shut.  
 The villaine Michaell hath deceiued vs. 35

*Will.* Soft, let me see, Shakbag; tis shut indeed.  
 Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slaue will heare.

*Shakebagge.* It wil not be; the white-liuerd pesant  
 Is gon to bed, and laughs vs both to scorne.

*Will.* And he shall by his mirriment as deare 40  
 As euer coistrell bought so little sport:

Nere let this sworde assist me when I neede,  
 But rust and canker after I haue sworne,  
 If I, the next time that I mete the hind,  
 Loppe not away his leg, his arme, or both. 45

*Shakebagge.* And let me neuer draw a sword againe,  
 Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,  
 When I would fleece the welthie passenger,  
 But ly and languish in a loathsome den,  
 Hated and spit at by the goers-by, 50  
 And in that death may die vnpittied,  
 If I, the next time that I meete the slaue,  
 Cut not the nose from of the cowards face  
 And trample on it for this villany.

*Will.* Come, lets go seeke out Green; I know hele swear. 55

*Shakebagge.* He were a villane, and he would not sweare.  
 Twould make a pesant sweare amongst his boyes,  
 That nere durst say before but 'yea' and 'no',  
 To be thus flouted of a coysterel.

27. *betray'd* Tyr. — 38—39. Two lines in old Edd., div. at *bed* |; corr. by Del. — 53. *of* om. C. — 54. *this*] *his* BC. — 57. *among* C and Del.

- 60 *Will.* Shakbag, lets seeke out Green, and in the morning  
 At the Alehouse butting Arden's house  
 Watch the out-comming of that prick-eard cur,  
 And then let me alone to handle him. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*Room in FRANCKLIN'S House as before.*

*Here enters ARDEN, FRANCKLIN, and MICHAELL.*

- Arden.* Sirra, get you back to Billensgate  
 And learne what time the tide will serue our turne;  
 Come to vs in Paules. First go make the bed,  
 And afterwards go harken for the floude. [Exit MICHAELL.  
 5 Come, M. Francklin, you shall go with me.  
 This night I dreamd that, beeing in a parke,  
 A toyle was picht to ouerthrow the deare,  
 And I vppon a little rysing hill  
 Stood whistely watching for the herds approach.  
 10 Euen there, me thought, a gentle slumber tooke me,  
 And sommond all my parts to sweete repose;  
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest  
 An ill-thewd foster had removed the toyle,  
 And rounded me with that beguyling home  
 15 Which late, me thought, was pitcht to cast the deare.  
 With that he blew an euill-sounding horne,  
 And at the noise an other heardman came,  
 With Fauchon drawn, and bent it at my brest,  
 Crying aloud 'Thou art the game we seeke!'  
 20 With this I wakt and trembled euery ioynt,  
 Lyke one oscured in a lytle bushe,  
 That sees a lyon foraging about,  
 And, when the dreadfull forest-king is gone,  
 He pryres about with timerous suspect  
 25 Throughout the thorny casements of the brake,  
 And will not think his person daungerles,  
 But quakes and sheuers, though the cause be gone:

62. *the*] *thee* ABC.

SCENE III. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 10. *thoughts* AB. — 27. *shewers* A, *sheuers* B, *shiwers* C and mod. Edd.



So, trust me, Francklin, when I did awake,  
 I stooode in doubt whether I waked or no:  
 Such great impression tooke this fond surprise. 30  
 God graunt this vision bedeeme me any good.

*Francklin.* This fantassie doeth rise from Michaels feare,  
 Who being awaked with the noyse he made,  
 His troubled sences yet could take no rest;  
 And this, I warant you, procured your dreame. 35

*Arden.* It may be so, God frame it to the best:  
 But often times my dreames presage to trew.

*Francklin.* To such as note their nightly fantasies,  
 Some one in twenty may incurre beliefe;  
 But vse it not, tis but a mockery. 40

*Arden.* Come, M. Francklin; wele now walke in Paules  
 And dyne togeather at the ordinary,  
 And by my mans direction draw to the key,  
 And with the tyde go down to Feuershame.  
 Say, M. Francklin, shall it not be so? 45

*Francklin.* At your good pleasure, sir; Ile beare you companye.  
 [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

*Aldersgate.*

*Here enters MICHAELL at one doore.*

*Here enters GREENE, WILL, and SHAKEBAG at another dore.*

*Will.* Draw, Shakbag, for heers that villaine Michael.

*Greene.* First, Will, lets heare what he can say.

*Will.* Speak, milksop slave, and neuer after speake.

*Michaell.* For Gods sake, sirs, let me excuse my selfe:  
 For heare I sweare, by heauen and earth and all, 5  
 I did performe the outmost of my task,  
 And left the doores vnbolted and vnlockt.  
 But see the chaunce: Francklin and my master  
 Were very late conferring in the porch,

31. *deemed* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 46. Two lines in Edd., div. at *sir*.

SCENE IV. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 2. *Will* om. C and mod. Edd.

3. *milksop*, *slave* Del.

- 10 And Francklin left his napkin where he sat  
 With certain gould knit in it, as he said.  
 Being in bed, he did bethinke himselfe,  
 And comming down he found the dores vnshut:  
 He lockt the gates, and brought away the keyes,  
 15 For which offence my master rated me.  
 But now I am going to see what floode it is,  
 For with the tyde my Master will away;  
 Where you may front him well on Raynum-Downe,  
 A place well fitting such a stratageme.
- 20 *Will.* Your excuse hath somewhat molyfied my choller.  
 Why now, Greene, tis better now nor ere it was.  
*Greene.* But, Michaell, is this trew?  
*Michaell.* As trew as I report it to be trew.  
*Shakebagge.* Then, Michaell, this shall be your pennance,  
 25 To feast vs all at the Salutation,  
 Where we will plat our purpose throughly.  
*Greene.* And, Michael, you shal bear no newes of this tide,  
 Because they two may be in Raynum-Down  
 Before your Master.
- 30 *Michaell.* Why, Ile agree to any thing youle haue me,  
 So you will accept of my company. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

ARDEN'S House at *Feversham*.*Here enters MOSBY.*

- Mosby.* Disturbed thoughts dryues me from company  
 And dryes my marrow with their watchfulnes;  
 Continuall trouble of my moody braine  
 Feebles my body by excesse of drinke,  
 5 And nips me as the bitter Northeast wind  
 Doeth check the tender blossoms in the spring.

18. *frons* AB; *Rainam* C, *Rainham* mod. Edd. — 21. *nor*] *than* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 22. *this*] *it* C and mod. Edd. — 26. *plot* Jac., Tyr., and Del.; *thorowly* C. — 28—29. One line in ABC. — 28. *Rainam* C, *Rainham* mod. Edd. — 31. *accept*] *except* ABC.

SCENE V. New Act in Tyr.; Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1. *drive* Del. — 2. *dry* Del.

Well fares the man, how ere his cates do taste,  
 That tables not with foule suspition;  
 And he but pines amongst his delicats,  
 Whose troubled minde is stuff with discontent. 10  
 My goulden time was when I had no gould;  
 Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;  
 My dayly toyle begat me nights repose,  
 My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.  
 But since I climbd the toppe-bough of the tree 15  
 And sought to build my nest among the clouds,  
 Each gentle stary gaile doth shake my bed,  
 And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.  
 But whether doeth contemplation carry me?  
 The way I seeke to finde, where pleasure dwels, 20  
 Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back,  
 But needs must on, although to dangers gate.  
 Then, Arden, perish thou by that decre;  
 For Greene doth erre the land and weede thee vp  
 To māke my haruest nothing but pure corne. 25  
 And for his paines Ile hiue him vp a while,  
 And after smother him to haue his waxe:  
 Such bees as Greene must neuer liue to sting.  
 Then is there Michael and the Painter to,  
 Cheefe actors to Ardens ouerthrow; 30  
 Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,  
 They wil insult vpon me for my mede,  
 Or fright me by detecting of his end.  
 Ile none of that, for I can cast a bone  
 To make these cures pluck out each others throat, 35  
 And then am I sole ruler of mine owne.  
 Yet mistres Arden liues; but she's my selfe,  
 And holy Churchrites makes vs two but one.  
 But what for that? I may not trust you, Ales:  
 You haue supplanted Arden for my sake, 40  
 And will extirpen me to plant another.

12. *Thought* A. — 21. Mr. Bullen prints *beneath* for *behinde*. — 24. *erre*, i. e. *ear*; *heyre* C; Mr. Bullen prints *eare*. — 26. *hiue*] *heaue* ABC and Edd.; corr. by Del. — 30. Elze (Notes, I., p. 1) proposes to read *actors both*. — 31. *shall* om. C and mod. Edd. (Read *they'll*). — 38. *make* mod. Edd.

Tis fearefull sleeping in a serpents bed,  
And I wil cleancly rid my hands of her.

*Here enters ALES.*

But here she comes and I must flatter her.

- 45 — How now, Ales? what, sad and passionat?  
Make me pertaker of thy pensiuenes:  
Fyre devided burnes with lesser force.

*Ales.* But I will damne that fire in my breast  
Till by the force therof my part consume.

- 50 Ah, Mosbie!

*Mosbie.* Such depe-fet sighs, lyke to a cannons burst  
Dischargde against a ruinated wall,  
Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces.  
Vngentle Ales, thy sorrow is my sore;

- 55 Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy  
To forge distressefull looks to wound a breast  
Where lyes a hart that dies when thou art sad.  
It is not loue that loues to anger loue.

*Ales.* It is not loue that loues to murther loue.

- 60 *Mosbie.* How meane you that?

*Ales.* Thou knowest how dearly Arden loued me.

*Mosbie.* And then?

*Ales.* And then — conceale the rest, for tis too bad,  
Least that my words be carried with the wind,

- 65 And publisht in the world to both our shames.  
I pray thee, Mosbye, let our springtime wither;  
Our harvest els will yeald but lothsome weedes.  
Forget, I pray thee, what hath past betwixt vs,  
For how I blushe and tremble at the thoughts!

- 70 *Mosbie.* What? are you changde?

*Ales.* I, to my former happy lyfe againe,  
From tittle of an odious strumpets name  
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife.

46. *partake* Jac., and Tyr., in Jacob's ed. corrected in the list of printer's errors. — 47, 48. *fire* used as a disyllable. — 48. *in*] *within* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 49—50. One line in old Edd. — 51. *Depe pathaires* ABC and Edd., *deep-fet airs* Del. Cp., above, III. 1. 41. — 52. *Discharge* C. — 53. *Brenk* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 57. *when*] *where* A. — 68. *hast* C, Jac., and Tyr.

1. Headlam *pathaires* [and *pathaires*]  
M. L. Br. i. 233. *pathaires*. *Pathaires*. *Pathaires*.  
926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000

Ha, Mosbye! tis thou has rifled me of that  
And made me slaundrous to all my kin;

75

Euen in my forehead is thy name ingrauen,  
A meane Artificer, that lowe-borne name.

I was bewitched: woe worth the haples howre  
And all the causes that inchaunted me!

*Mosbie.* Nay, if you ban, let me breath curses forth,  
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,  
Let me repent the credit I haue lost.

80

I haue neglected matters of import  
That would haue stated me about thy state,  
Forslowde aduantages, and spurnd at time:

85

I, Fortunes right hand Mosbie hath forsooke  
To take a wanton giglote by the left.

I left the Mariage of an honest maid,  
Whose dowry would haue weyed down all thy wealth,  
Whose beauty and demianor farre exceeded thee:

90

This certaine good I lost for changing bad,  
And wrapt my credit in thy company.

I was bewicht, — that is no theame of thine,  
And thou vnhalloved has enchaunted me.  
But I will breake thy spels and excircismes,

95

And put another sight vpon these eyes  
That shewed my hart a rauens for a doue.  
Thou art not faire, I vied thee not till now;  
Thou art not kinde, till now I knew thee not;  
And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt,

100

Thy worthles copper shewes thee counterfet.  
It grieues me not to see how foull thou art,  
But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire.  
Go, get thee gone, a copsemate for thy hyndes;  
I am too good to be thy fauorite.

105

*Alas.* I, now I see, and too soone find it trew,  
Which often hath beene tould me by my freends,  
That Mosbie loues me not but for my wealth,

74. Read *Ha, Mosbye* ; *hast* Del. — 77. *Artificer* A. — 94. *hast* C and mod. Edd. — 95. *excirsimes* ABC. — 97. *doue*] *dowe* A. — 99. *thee*] *the* old Edd. — 103. *I euer* Del. — 107. *me* om. C.

- Which too incredulus I nere beleueed.
- 110 Nay, heare me speake, Mosbie, a word or two;  
 Ile byte my tongue if it speake bitterly.  
 Looke on me, Mosby, or Ile kill my selfe:  
 Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy looke.  
 If thou cry warre, there is no peace for me;
- 115 I will do pennance for offending thee,  
 And burne this prayer-booke, where I here vse  
 The holy word that had conuerted me.  
 See, Mosbie, I will teare away the leanes,  
 And al the leaues, and in this golden couer
- 120 Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell;  
 And thereon will I chiefly meditate,  
 And hould no other sect but such denotion.  
 Wilt thou not looke? is all thy loue ouerwhelmde?  
 Wilt thou not heare? what malice stopes thine eares?
- 125 Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?  
 Thou hast bene sighted as the eagle is,  
 And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare,  
 And spoke as smoothly as an orator,  
 When I haue bid thee heare or see or speak,
- 130 And art thou sensible in none of these?  
 Waigh all thy good turns with this little fault,  
 And I deserue not Mosbies muddy looks.  
 A fence of trouble is not thickned still:  
 Be cleare againe, Ile nere more trouble thee.
- 135 *Mosbie.* O no, I am a base artificer;  
 My winges are feathred for a lowly flight.  
 Mosby? fy! no, not for a thousand pound.  
 Make loue to you? why, 'tis vn-pardonable;  
 We beggers must not breath where gentiles are.
- 140 *Ales.* Swete Mosbie is as gentle as a King,  
 And I too blinde to iudge him otherwise.  
 Flowres do sometimes spring in fallow lands,  
 Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes;

112. or else *Ile* C, but read *I will*. — 117. *hath* C. — 119. ?*Ay*, al the leaues. — 124. not thou Jac. and Tyr. — 125. *speakest* C, Tyr., and Del. — 131. *thy*] *my* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 133. *fence*] *sense* Tyr. — 135. *O, fie* no C. — 142. *do* om. C. — 143. *And weeds* Del.; but *weeds* is a monosyllabic foot.

33. Headline proposes "A fount once troubled" etc

So, what so ere my Mosbies father was,  
Himselfe is valued gentle by his worth. 145

*Mosbie.* Ah, how you women can insinuate,  
And cleare a trespasse with your sweete-set tongue!  
I will forget this quairrel, gentle Ales,  
Provided Ile be tempted so no more.

*Here enters BRADSHAW.*

*Ales.* Then with thy lips seale vp this new-made match. 150

*Mosbie.* Soft, Ales, here comes somebody.

*Ales.* How now, Bradshaw, whats the news with you?

*Bradshaw.* I haue little news, but heres a letter  
That M. Greene importuned me to giue you.

*Ales.* Go in, Bradshaw; call for a cuppe of beare; 155  
Tis almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs. [*Exit* BRADSHAW.]

*Then she reades the letter.*

'We have mist of our purpose at London, but shall perform  
it by the waye. We thanke our neighbour Bradshaw.

Yours, Richard Greene.'

How lykes my loue the tennor of this letter? 160

*Mosbie.* Well, were his date compleat and expired.

*Ales.* Ah, would it were! Then comes my happy howre:  
Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.  
Come, let vs in to shun suspition.

*Mosbie.* I, to the gates of death to follow thee. [*Exeunt.* 165

## SCENE VI.

*Country near Rochester.*

*Here enters GREENE, WILL and SHAKBAG.*

*Shakebagge.* Come, Will, see thy tooles be in a redynes:  
Is not thy powder dancke, or will thy flint stryke fyre?

*Will.* Then aske me if my nose be on my face,  
Or whether my tounge be frosen in my mouth.

145. *is* not in old Edd., first add. by Jac. — 151. *for here* C. —  
161. *completed* Jac., Tyr., and Del.; but *and expired* may be considered as  
one foot. — 162. Two lines in ABC. — 165. Given to *Ales* in A.

SCENE VI. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1—2. Not printed as verse in ABC.

5 Zounds, heres a coyle!

You were best sweare me on the intergatories  
How many pistols I haue tooke in hand,  
Or whether I loue the smell of gunne-powder,  
Or dare abide the noise the dagge will make,

10 Or will not wincke at flashing of the fire.

I pray thee, Shackbag, let this answer thee,  
That I have tooke more purses in this down  
Then ere thou handledst pistols in thy life.

*Shakebagge.* I, happily thou hast pickt more in a throng:

15 But, should I bragge what booties I haue tooke,

I think the ouerplus thats more then thine  
Would mount to a greater somme of money  
Then either thou or all thy kinne are worth.  
Zounds, I hate them as I hate a toade

20 That cary a muscado in their tongue,  
And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

*Will.* O Greene, intollerable!

It is not for mine honour to beare this.

Why, Shakbag, I did serue the King at Bulloyne,

25 And thou canst bragge of nothing that thou hast done.

*Shakebagge.* Why, so can Jack of Feuershame,  
That sounded for a phillope on the nose,  
When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare,  
And he supposed a Cannon-bullet hit him.

[ *Then they fight.*

30 *Greene.* I pray you, sirs, list to Esops talk:

Whilest two stout dogs were striuing for a bone,  
There comes a cur and stole it from them both;  
So, while you stand striuing on these termes of manhoode,  
Arden escapes vs, and deceaues vs al.

35 *Shakebagge.* Why, he begun.

*Will.*

And thou shalt finde Ile end;

I doo but slip it vntil better time:

But, if I do forget —

*Then hee kneeles downe and houldes up his hands to heauen.*

5—7. Two lines in A, div. at *on the* |. — 17. Read: *Would mount*  
to |. — 25. *that* om. C. — 30. *listen* Del. — 34. *escape* C; *deceaiue* ABC.



*Greene.* Wel, take your fittest standings, and once more  
 Lime your twigs to catch this wary bird.  
 Ile leaue you, and at your dags discharge 40  
 Make towards, lyke the longing water-dog  
 That coucheth til the fowling-peece be of,  
 Then ceazeth on the pray with eager moode.  
 Ah, might I see him stretching foorth his limmes,  
 As I haue seene them beat their wings ere now! 45  
*Shakebagge.* Why, that thou shalt see, if he come this way.  
*Greene.* Yes, that he doth, Shakbag, I warrant thee:  
 But braul not when I am gone in any case.  
 But, sirs, be sure to speede him when he comes,  
 And in that hope Ile leaue you for an houre. [*Exit GREENE.* 50

*Here enters ARDEN, FRANCKLIN, and MICHAELL.*

*Michaell.* Twere best that I went back to Rochester:  
 The horse halts downright; it were not good  
 He trauailed in such paine to Feuershame;  
 Remouing of a shoe may happely help it.  
*Arden.* Well, get you back to Rochester; but, sirra, see 55  
 Ye ouertake vs ere we come to Raynum-Down,  
 For it will be very late ere we get home.  
*Michaell.* — I, God he knowes, and so doth Will and Shake-  
 That thou shalt neuer go further then that downe; [bagge,  
 And therefore haue I prickt the horse on purpose, 60  
 Because I would not view the massacar. [*Exit MICHAELL.*  
*Arden.* Come, M. Francklin, onwards with your tale.  
*Francklin.* I assure you, sir, you taske me much:  
 A heauy bloode is gathered at my hart,  
 And on the sudden is my winde so short 65  
 As hindereth the passage of my speach;  
 So ferse a qualme yet neere assayled me.  
*Arden.* Come, M. Francklin, let vs go on softly:  
 The anoyance of the dust or els some meat

39. *Lime well* your Jac., Tyr., and Del., *Lime* is a monosyllabic foot;  
*weary* ABC. — 46. *comes* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 55—56. Printed as  
 prose in old Edd., div. by Del. — 56. *Rainham* Jac., Tyr., and Del. —  
 58. *he* om. Tyr. — 62. *onward* Jac., Tyr., and Del.

70 You eat at dinner cannot brooke with you.

I haue bene often so, and soone amended.

*Francklin.* Do you remember where my tale did leaue?

*Arden.* I, where the gentleman did check his wife.

*Francklin.* She being reprehended for the fact,

75 Witnes produced that tooke her with the deed,

Her gloue broght in which there she left behind,

And many other assured Arguments,

Her husband askt her whether it were not so.

*Arden.* Her answer then? I wonder how she lookt,

80 Hauing forsworne it with such vehement oathes,

And at the instant so approued vppon her.

*Francklin.* First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,

Watching the drops that fell amaine from thence;

Then softly drawes she foorth her handkercher,

85 And modestly she wypes her teare-staind face;

Then hemd she out, to cleare her voice should seeme,

And with a maiesty addrest her selfe

To encounter all their accusations. —

Pardon me, M. Arden, I can no more;

90 This fighting at my hart makes shorte my wynde.

*Arden.* Come, we are almost now at Raynum-Downe:

Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;

I would you were in state to tell it out.

*Shakebagge.* Stand close, Will, I heare them cumming.

*Here enters LORD CHEINY with his men.*

95 *Will.* Stand to it, Shakbag, and be resolute.

*Lord Cheiny.* Is it so neere night as it seemes

Or wil this black-faced euening haue a showre?

— What, M. Arden? you are well met,

I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you:

100 You are a stranger, man, in the ile of Sheppy.

*Arden.* Your honors alwayes: bound to do you seruice.

*Lord Cheiny.* Come you from London, and nere a man with you?

*Arden.* My man's comming after, but her's

My honest freend that came along with me.

70. *ate* C; with om. A. — 91. *Rainham* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 93. *state*]  
case C. — 101. *always bound* Del.

*Lord Cheiny.* My Lord protectors man I take you to bee. 105

*Francklin.* I, my good Lord, and highly bound to you.

*Lord Cheiny.* You and your frend come home and sup with me.

*Arden.* I beseech your honor pardon me;

I haue made a promise to a gentleman,

My honest freend, to meete him at my house; 110

The occasion is great, or els would I wait on you.

*Lord Cheiny.* Will you come to-morrow and dyne with me,

And bring your honest frend along with you?

I haue dyuers matters to talke with you about.

*Arden.* To-morrow wele waite vpon your honor. 115

*Lord Cheiny.* One of you staye my horse at the top of the hil.

— What! Black Will? for whose purse wait you?

Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

*Will.* Not hanged, God saue your honour;

I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you. 120

*Lord Cheiny.* I think thou nere saidest prayer in all thy lyfe. —

One of you giue him a crowne: —

And, sirra, leaue this kinde of lyfe;

If thou beest tainted for a penny-matter,

And come in question, surely, thou wilt trusse. 125

— Come, M. Arden, let vs be going;

Youre way and mine lyes foure myle together.

[*Exeunt. Manet* BLACK WILL and SHAKBAG.

*Will.* The Deuill break all your necks at 4 myles end!

Zounds, I could kill my selfe for very anger!

His Lordship chops me in, 130

Euen when my dagge was leaueld at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throat.

*Shakebagge.* Arden, thou hast wondrous holye luck.

Did euer man escape as thou hast done?

Well, Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye, 135

For by this bullet Arden might not die.

*Here enters* GREENE.

*Greene.* What, is he down? is he dispatcht?

*Shakebagge.* I, in health towards Feuershame, to shame vs all.

114. Read *I've dy | vers mat | ters to talke* |. — 116. Read *at th'top | of th'hill* |. — 122. Read *One of you* |. — 124. *beest*] *art* Tyr.; *a*] *one* C. — 127. *miles* C; read *four* as a disyllable. — 130—131. Div. at *when* | in old Edd.

- Greene.* The Deuill he is! why, sirs, how escapt he?
- 140 *Shakebagge.* When we were ready to shoote,  
Comes my Lord Cheiny to preuent his death.
- Greene.* The Lord of heauen hath preserued him.
- Will.* Preserued a figge! The L. Cheiny hath preserued him,  
And bids him to a feast to his house at Shorlow.
- 145 But by the way once more Ile meete with him,  
And, if all the Cheinies in the world say no,  
Ile haue a bullet in his breast to morrow.  
Therefore come, Greene, and let vs to Feuershame.
- Greene.* I, and excuse our selues to mistres Arden:
- 150 O, how shele chafe when she heares of this!
- Shakebagge.* Why, ile warrant you shel think we dare not do it.
- Will.* Why, then let vs go, and tell her all the matter,  
And plat the newes to cut him of to morrow. [Exeunt.

## A C T IV.

## SCENE I.

ARDEN'S *House at Feuersham.**Here enters ARDEN and his wife, FRANCKLIN, and MICHAELL.*

- Arden.* See how the hours, the gardeant of heauens gate,  
Haue by their toyle remoued the darksome cloudes,  
That Soll may wel deserne the trampled path  
Wherein he wount to guide his golden car:
- 5 The season fits; come, Francklin, let's away.
- Ales.* I thought you did pretend some speciall hunt,  
That made you thus cut shorte the time of rest.
- Arden.* It was no chase that made me rise so early,  
But, as I tould thee yesternight, to go
- 10 To the Ile of Sheppy, there to dine with my Lord Cheiny;

143. *Preserv'd? a fig!* Del. — 144. *at Tyr.; Shurland mod. Edd.* —  
153. *plot C and mod. Edd.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1. *the guard at of C;*  
*gardians* (without *the*) Jac., Tyr., Del.; but the author means to say *gar-*  
*dant*, i. e. sentinel, guard. — 3. *deserue A; pace ABC and Edd.* — 9—10. Div.  
at *Sheppy* | in old Edd.; printed as three lines, div. at *yesternight* | *dine* |  
*Cheiny* | Del.

For so his honor late commanded me.

*Ales.* I, such kinde husbands seldom want excuses;  
Home is a wilde cat to a wandring wit.  
The time hath beene, — would God it were not past, —  
That honors tytle nor a Lords command 15  
Could once haue drawne you from these armes of mine.  
But my deserts or your desires decay,  
Or both; yet if trew loue may seeme desert,  
I merite stil to haue thy company. \*

*Francklin.* Why, I pray you, sir, let her go along with vs; 20  
I am sure his honor wil welcome her  
And vs the more for bringing her along.

*Arden.* Content; sirra, saddle your mistres nagge.

*Ales.* No, begde fauor merits little thankes;  
If I should go, our house would runne away, 25  
Or els be stolne; therefore Ile stay behind.

*Arden.* Nay, see how mistaking you are! I pray thee, goe.

*Ales.* No, no, not now.

*Arden.* Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,  
That time nor place nor persons alter me, 30  
But that I hould thee dearer then my life.

*Ales.* That will be seene by your quick returne.

*Arden.* And that shall be ere night, and if I liue.  
Farewell, sweete Ales, we mind to sup with thee. [*Exit ALES.*

*Francklin.* Come, Michaell, are our horses ready? 35

*Michaell.* I, your horse are ready, but I am not ready, for  
I haue lost my purse, with six and thirtie shillinges in it, with  
taking vp of my Masters Nagge.

*Francklin.* Why, I pray you, let vs go before,  
Whilest he staves behind to seeke his purse. 40

*Arden.* Go too, sirra, see you follow vs to the ile of Sheppye  
To my Lord Cheynyes, where we meane to dine.

[*Exeunt ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.*

[*Manet MICHAELL.*

15. *honours, title* Del. — 17. *desires*] *deserues* ABC and Edd. —  
20. Read 'long. — 27. Two lines in ABC, div. at *are* |. — 32. *seen soon* by Tyr.  
(*seene* or *your* may be read as a disyllable). — 33. *be* om. C. — 36—38. Div. at  
*ready* | *purse* | *in it* | *Nagge* | in old Edd.; printed as prose by Del. —  
36. *horses* C and Tyr. — 38. *of* om. C. — 41. *see that you* C.

*Michaell.* So, faire weather after you, for before you lyes  
Black Will and Shakebag in the broome close, too close for  
45 you: theyle be your ferrymen to long home.

*Here enters the Painter.*

But who is this? the Painter, my corriual, that would nedes  
winne M. Susan.

*Clarke.* How now, Michael? how doth my Mistresse and  
all at home?

50 *Michaell.* Who? Susan Mosbye? she is your Mistres, too?

*Clarke.* I, how doth she and all the rest?

*Michaell.* Al's well but Susan; she is sicke.

*Clarke.* Sick? Of what disease?

*Michaell.* Of a great feuer.

55 *Clarke.* A feare of what?

*Michaell.* A great feuer.

*Clarke.* A feuer? God forbidde!

*Michaell.* Yes, faith, and of a lordaine, too, as bigge as  
your selfe.

60 *Clarke.* O, Michael, the spleane prickles you. Go too, you  
carry an eye ouer mistres Susan.

*Michaell.* I faith, to keepe her from the Painter.

*Clarke.* Why more from a Painter then from a seruing  
creature like your selfe?

65 *Michaell.* Because you Painters make but a painting table  
of a pretty wench, and spoile her beauty with blotting.

*Clarke.* What meane you by that?

*Michaell.* Why, that you Painters paint lambes in the lynyng  
of wenches peticots, and we seruingmen put hornes to them  
70 to make them become sheepe.

*Clarke.* Such another word wil cost you a cuffe or a knock.

*Michaell.* What, with a dagger made of a pensell? Faith,  
tis too weake, and therefore thou to weak to winne Susan.

*Clarke.* Would Susans loue lay vppon this stroke.

*Then he breaks MICHAELLS head.*

43—47. Div. at *you* | *Shakebag* | *you* | *home* | *corriual* | *Susan* | in old Edd. — 45. *to a long home* Del. — 54. *feuer*] *fear* ABC and Edd., corr. by Del. — 58. Div. at *too* | in old Edd. — 60. Div. at *prickles you* | in old Edd.; *pricks* BC. — 66. *with a C.* — 68. *linings* Tyr. — 68—70. Div. at *peti-cots* | *sheepe* | in old Edd. — 72—73. Div. at *pensell* | *weake* | *Susan* | in old Edd.

*Here enters MOSBY, GREENE, and ALES.*

*Ales.* Ile lay my lyfe, this is for Susans loue. 75  
Stayd you behinde your Master to this end?

Haue you no other time to brable in

But now when serious matters are in hand? —

Say, Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

*Clarke.* I, heare it is; the very touch is death. 80

*Ales.* Then this, I hope, if all the rest do faile,  
Wil catch M. Arden,

And make him wise in death that liued a foole.

Why should he thrust his sickle in our corne,

Or what hath he to do with thee, my loue, 85

Or gouerne me that am to rule my selfe? ✓

Forsooth, for credit sake, I must leaue thee:

Nay, he must leaue to liue that we may loue,

May liue, may loue; for what is lyfe but loue?

And loue shall last as long as lyfe remaines, 90

And lyfe shall end before my loue depart.

*Mosbie.* Why, whats loue without true constancy?

Lyke to a piller built of many stones,

Yet neither with good mortar well compact

Nor cement to fasten it in the ioynts, 95

But that it shakes with euery blast of winde,

And, being toucht, straight falles vnto the earth,

And buries all his haughty pride in dust.

No, let our loue be rockes of Addamant,

Which time nor place nor tempest can asunder. 100

*Greene.* Mosbie, leaue protestations now,

And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to doo.

Black Will and Shakebag I haue placed in the broome,

Close watching Ardens comming; lets to them

And see what they haue done. [Exeunt. 105

79. *promisedst* C. — 95. *cement*] *semell* AB; *Nor with cement* Del., but *nor* may be a disyllable. — 100. *a sunder* AB. — 103–105. Div. at *placed* | *comming* | *done* | in old Edd.; corr. by Del.

## SCENE II.

*The Kentish Coast opposite the Isle of Sheppey.*

*Here enters ARDEN and FRANCKLIN.*

*Arden.* Oh, ferry-man, where art thou?

*Here enters the FERRIMAN.*

*Ferryman.* Here, here, goe before to the boat, and I will follow you.

*Arden.* We haue great haste; I pray thee, come away.

5 *Ferryman.* Fy, what a mist is here!

*Arden.* This mist, my frend, is misticall,  
Lyke to a good companions smoaky braine,  
That was halfe dround with new ale ouer night.

*Ferryman.* Twere pitty but his scull were opened to make  
10 more Chimney-roome.

*Francklin.* Freend, whats thy opinion of this mist?

*Ferryman.* I think tis lyke to a curst wife in a lytle house,  
that neuer leaues her husband till she haue driuen him out  
at doores with a wet paire of eyes; then lookes he as if  
15 his house were a fire, or some of his freends dead.

*Arden.* Speaks thou this of thine owne experience?

*Ferryman.* Perhaps, I; perhaps, no: For my wife is as other  
women are, that is to say, gouerned by the Moone.

*Francklin.* By the Moone? how, I pray thee?

20 *Ferryman.* Na, thereby lyes a bargane, and you shall not  
haue it fresh and fasting.

*Arden.* Yes, I pray thee, good ferryman.

*Ferryman.* Then for this once; let it be midsommer Moone,  
but yet my wyfe has another moone.

25 *Francklin.* Another Moone?

*Ferryman.* I, and it hath influences and Eclipses.

*Arden.* Why, then, by this reconing you somtimes play the  
man in the Moone?

SCENE II. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 2—3. Div. at *boat* | *you* | in old Edd. — 9—10. Div. at *opened* | in old Edd. — 12—15. Div. at *house* | *eyes* | *fire* | *dead* | ABC. — 12. *lyke a* BC. — 13. *she driue* BC. — 16. *Speakest* C. — 18. *are* om. Tyr. — 20. Div. at *bargane* | in ABC. — 23—24. Div. at *Moone* | in ABC. — 24. *has*] *as* AB. — 27. Div. at *somtimes* | in old Edd.



*Ferryman.* I, but you had best not to meddle with that moone, least I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush. 30

*Arden.* I am almost stifled with this fog; come, lets away.

*Francklin.* And, sirra, as we go, let vs haue som more of your bolde yeomandry.

*Ferryman.* Nay, by my troth, sir, but flat knauery. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Another place on the Coast.*

*Here enters WILL at one doore, and SHAKBAG at another.*

*Shakebagge.* Oh, Will, where art thou?

*Will.* Here, Shakbag, almost in hels mouth, where I can not see my way for smoake.

*Shakebagge.* I pray thee speake still that we may mete by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditche or other, vnles my feete see better then my eies. 5

*Will.* Didest thou euer see better weather to runne away with another mans wife, or play with a wenche at pot-finger?

*Shakebagge.* No; this were a fine world for chandlers, if this weather would last; for then a man should neuer dyne nor sup without candle-light. But, sirra Will, what horses are those that past? 10

*Will.* Why, didst thou heare any?

*Shakebagge.* I, that I did.

*Will.* My lyfe for thine, twas Arden, and his companion, and then all our labour's lost. 15

*Shakebagge.* Nay, say not so, for if it be they, they may happely loose their way as we haue done, and then we may chaunce meete with them.

*Will.* Come, let vs go on lyke a couple of blind pilgrims. 20

*Then SHAKBAG fallles into a ditch.*

29. *not best to* ABC and Edd. — 29—30. Div. at *moone* | in old Edd. — 32. *lets* C.

SCENE III. The scene is continued in Tyr. — 2—3. Div. at *mouth* | in old Edd. — 4—6. Div. at *sound* | *other* | *eyes* | Del. — 5. *for* | *or* C, and Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 9—12. Div. at *chandlers* | *man* | *light* | *past* | ABC. — 13. *thou* om. C. — 15—16. Div. at *companion* | ABC. — 17—19. Div. at *done* | *them* | ABC. — 20. *let's* C.

*Shakebagge.* Helpe, Will, help! I am almost drown'd.

*Here enters the Ferryman.*

*Ferryman.* Whose that that calles for help?

*Will.* Twas none heere, twas thou thy selfe.

*Ferryman.* I came to help him that cald for help. Why,  
25 how now? who is this that's in the ditch? You are well enough  
serued to goe without a guyde such weather as this.

*Will.* Sirra, what companyes hath past your ferry this  
morning?

*Ferryman.* None but a cupple of gentlemen, that went to  
30 dyne at my Lord Cheyneis.

*Will.* Shakbag, did not I tell thee as much?

*Ferryman.* Why, sir, will you haue any letters caried to them?

*Will.* No, sir; get you gone.

*Ferryman.* Did you euer see such a mist as this?

35 *Will.* No, nor such a foole as will rather be hought then  
get his way.

*Ferryman.* Why, sir, this is no Hough-Munday; you ar  
deceind. — Whats his name, I pray you, sir?

*Shakebagge.* His name is Black Will.

40 *Ferryman.* I hope to see him one day hangd vpon a hill.

*[Exit Ferryman.]*

*Shakebagge.* See how the Sunne hath cleard the foggy mist,  
Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

*Here enters GREENE, MOSBIE, and ALES.*

*Mosbie.* Black Will and Shakbag, what make you heer?  
What, is the deed don? is Arden dead?

45 *Will.* What could a blynded man performe in armes?  
Saw you not how till now the sky was darke,  
That neither horse nor man could be decerned?  
Yet did we heare their horses as they past.

*Greene.* Haue they escapt you, then, and past the ferry?

22. *Who's* C. — 24—26. Div. at *help* | *ditch* | *this* | ABC. — 25. *that's*]  
*that lies* C. — 27. *companions* BC, *company* Jac., Tyr., and Del.; but *com-*  
*panies* = people, cp. *search what companies are near* Cymb. IV. 2. 69 and  
*no companies abroad* *ibid.* 101; *haue* C. — 31. *I not* Tyr. — 37. *though*  
*munday* C.

*Shakebagge.* I, for a while; but here we two will stay, 50  
And at their comming back meete with them once more.  
Zounds, I was nere so toylde in all my lyfe  
In following so slight a taske as this.

*Mosbie.* How camst thou so beraide?

*Will.* With making false footing in the dark; 55  
He needes would follow them without a guide.

*Ales.* Here's to pay for a fire and good cheere:  
Get you to Fevershame to the Flower-de-Luce,  
And rest your selues vntil some other time.

*Greene.* Let me alone; it most concernes my state. 60

*Will.* I, Mistres Arden, this wil serue the turne,  
In case we fal into a second fog.

[*Exeunt* GREENE, WILL, and SHAKBAG.

*Mosbie.* These knaues wil neuer do it, let vs giue it ouer.

*Ales.* First tell me how you like my new deuice:  
Soone, when my husband is returning back, 65  
You and I both marching arme in arme,  
Lyke louing frends, wele meete him on the way,  
And boldly beard and braue him to his teeth.  
When words grow hot and blowes beginne to ryse,  
Ile call those cutters forth your tenement, 70  
Who, in a manner to take vp the fray,  
Shall wound my husband Hornbeast to the death.

*Mosbie.* A fine deuise! why, this deserues a kisse. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

##### *The Open Country.*

*Here enters DICK REEDE and a Sailer.*

*Sayler.* Faith, Dick Rede, it is to lytle end:  
His conscience is too liberall, and he too nigardly  
To parte from any thing may doo thee good.

*Reede.* He is coming from Shorlow as I vnderstand;

57. *fire* read as a disyllable. — 63. Read *These knaues | will ne | ver do't | let's giue | it o'er |; blowes]* words C. — 72. *Hornbeast]* *hornesbie* ABC and Edd.; cp. infra 4. 82; *to death* C. — 73. *Ah, fine deuise* ABC and Edd.

SCENE IV. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 3. *thee]* *him* C. — 4. *Shurland* Jac., Tyr., and Del.

- 5 Here ile intercept him, for at his house  
 He neuer will vouchsafe to speake with me.  
 If prayers and faire intreaties will not serue,  
 Or make no battry in his flintye breast,

*Here enters FRANCKLIN, ARDEN, and MICHAELL.*

- Ile curse the carle, and see what that wil doo.  
 10 Se where he comes to further my intent! —  
 M. Arden, I am now bound to the sea;  
 My comming to you was about the plat  
 Of ground which wrongfully you detaine from me:  
 Although the rent of it be very small,  
 15 Yet will it helpe my wife and children,  
 Which here I leaue in Feuershame, God knowes,  
 Needy and bare: for Christs sake, let them haue it!  
*Arden.* Francklin, hearest thou this fellow speake?  
 That which he craues I dearely bought of him,  
 20 Although the rent of it was euer mine. —  
 Sirra, you that aske these questions,  
 If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue  
 Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,  
 Ile lay thee vp so close a twelue-months day,  
 25 As thou shalt neither see the Sonne nor Moone.  
 Looke to it, for, as surely as I liue,  
 Ile banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

- Rede.* What, wilt thou do me wrong and threat me, too?  
 Nay, then, Ile tempt thee, Arden, doo thy worst.  
 30 God, I beseech thee, show some miracle  
 On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.  
 That plot of ground which thou detainest from me,  
 I speake it in an agony of spirite,  
 Be ruinous and fatall vnto thee!  
 35 Either there be butcherd by thy dearest freends,  
 Or els be brought for men to wonder at,  
 Or thou or thine miscary in that place,  
 Or there runne mad and end thy cursed dayes!

6. *vouchsafe* A. — 12. *plot* C and mod. Edd. — 12—13. Div. at *ground* | in old Edd. — 27. *you* C. — 28. *threaten* C. — 31. *plaguing* A. — 32. *detainest* C.

*Francklin.* Fy, bitter knaue, brydle thine enuious tongue;  
For curses are like arrowes shot vpright, 40  
Which falling down light on the shuters head.

*Rede.* Light where they will! Were I vppon the sea,  
As oft I haue in many a bitter storme,  
And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,  
The Pylate quaking at the doubtfull storme, 45  
And all the saylers praying on their knees,  
Euen in that fearefull time would I fall down,  
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,  
Vengeance on Arden or some miseuent  
To shewe the world what wrong the carle hath done. 50  
This charge Ile leaue with my distresfull wife,  
My children shall be taught such praiers as these:  
And thus I go, but leaue my curse with thee.

[*Exeunt REDE and Sayler.*

*Arden.* It is the raylingest knave in christendome,  
And oftentimes the villaine will be mad; 55  
It greatly matters not what he sayes,  
But I assure you I nere did him wrong.

*Francklin.* I think so, M. Arden.

*Arden.* Now that our horses are gone home before,  
My wife may hapely mete me on the way. 60  
For God knowes she is growne passing kinde of late,  
And greatly chaunged from  
The oulde humor of her wounted frowardnes,  
And seekes by faire meanes to redeeme ould faults.

*Francklin.* Happy the change that alters for the best! 65  
But see in any case you make no speache  
Of the cheare we had at my Lord Cheinies,  
Although most bounteous and liberall,  
For that will make her think her selfe more wrongd,  
In that we did not carry her along; 70  
For sure she greeued that she was left behinde.

*Arden.* Come, Francklin, let vs strain to mend our pace,  
And take her vnawares playing the cooke;

41. *sutors* AB. — 45. *Pilote* C. — 56. ? *what ever he says.* — 60. *me* om. C. — 62—63. Div. at *humor* | in old Edd., corr. by Del. — 73. *her* om. C; to *play* C.

*Here enters ALES and MOSBIE.*

For I beleue sheele stryue to mend our cheere.

75 *Francklin.* Why, thers no better creaturs in the world,  
Then women are when they are in good humors.

*Arden.* Who is that? Mosbie? what, so familiare?

Iniurious strumpet, and thou ribald knaue,

Untwyne those armes.

80 *Ales.* I, with a sugred kisse let them vntwine.

*Arden.* Ah, Mosbie! periurde beast! beare this and all!

*Mosbie.* And yet no horned beast; the hornes are thine.

*Francklin.* O monstrous! Nay, then tis time to draw.

*Ales.* Helpe, helpe! they murther my husband.

*Here enters WILL and SHAKBAG.*

85 *Shakebagge.* Zounds, who iniures M. Mosbie? Help, Wil!  
[I am hurt.

*Mosbie.* I may thank you, Mistres Arden, for this wound.

[*Exeunt MOSBY, WILL, and SHAKBAG.*

*Ales.* Ah, Arden, what folly blinded thee?

Ah, Jelious harebrained man, what hast thou don!

When we, to welcome thee with intended sport,

90 Came louingly to mete thee on thy way,

Thou drewst thy sword, intraged with Jelousy,

And hurte thy freende whose thoughts were free from harme;

All for a woorthles kisse and ioyning armes,

Both don but mirrely to try thy patience.

95 And me vnhappy that deuysed the Jest,

Which, though begonne in sporte, yet ends in bloode!

*Francklin.* Mary, God defend me from such a Jeast!

*Ales.* Couldst thou not see vs frendly smyle on thee,

When we ioynd armes, and when I kist his cheeke?

100 Hast thou not lately found me ouer-kinde?

Didst thou not heare me cry 'they murther thee'?

Cald I not helpe to set my husband free?

No, cares and all were witcht; ah me accurst

75. *creature* BC. — 82. *horne-beast* C; two lines in AB, div. at *beast* |.  
— 85. Div. at *Mosbie* | in old Edd. — 88. *harebraine* ABC., corr. by Tyr. —  
89. *welcome thy intended* ABC and Edd. — 92. Div. at *freende* | in ABC. —  
94. *mirrely*, i. e. *merely*. — 95. *Aye me* Del. — 98. *thee*] *this* Jac., Tyr., and Del.

To lincke in lyking with a frantick man!  
 Hencefoorth Ile be thy slaue, no more thy wife, 105  
 For with that name I neuer shall content thee.  
 If I be merry, thou straitwaies thinks me light;  
 If sad, thou saiest the sullens trouble me;  
 If well attyred, thou thinks I will be gadding;  
 If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eye: 110  
 Thus am I still, and shall be while I die,  
Poore. wench abused by thy misgouernment! \*

*Arden.* But is it for trueth that neither thou nor he  
 Entendedst malice in your misdemeanor?

*Ales.* The heauens can witnes of our harmles thoghts. 115

*Arden.* Then pardon me, sweete Ales, and forgiue this faulte:  
 Forget but this and neuer see the lyke.  
 Impose me pennance, and I will performe it,  
 For in thy discontent I finde a death, —  
 A death tormenting more then death it selfe. 120

*Ales.* Nay, hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,  
 Thou wouldst haue markt the speaches of thy frend,  
 Who going wounded from the place, he said  
 His skinne was peirst only through my deuise;  
 And if sad sorrow taint thee for this falt, 125  
 Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene him drest,  
 And cryde him mercy whome thou hast misdone:  
 Nere shall my hart be eased till this be done.

*Arden.* Content thee, sweete Ales, thou shalt haue thy wil,  
 What ere it be. For that I iniurde thee, 130  
 And wrongd my frend, shame scourgeth my offence;  
 Come thou thy selfe, and go along with me,  
 And be a mediator twixt vs two.

*Francklin.* Why, M. Arden! know you what you do?  
 Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you? 135

*Ales.* Why, canst thou proue I haue bene disloyall?

*Francklin.* Why, Mosbie taunted your husband with the horn.

*Ales.* I, after he had reuyled him  
 By the iniuryous name of periurde beast:

107. *thinkst* C, *think* Tyr. — 109. *thinkst* C. — 111. *whill* A. —  
 114. *Entendest* C. — 116. Div. at *Ales* | in old Edd. — 137. *traunt* A,  
*taunt* B, *taunts* C, *taunted* Del.; *you* A.

140 He knew no wrong could spyte an Jelious man  
More then the hatefull naming of the horne.

*Francklin.* Suppose tis trew; yet is it dangerous  
To follow him whome he hath lately hurt.

*Ales.* A fault confessed is more than halfe amends;  
145 But men of such ill spirite as your selfe  
Work crosses and debates twixt man and wife.

*Arden.* I pray thee, gentle Francklin, holde thy peace:  
I know my wife counsels me for the best.  
He seek out Mosby where his wound is drest,

150 And salue this haples quarrell if I may.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN and ALES.]

*Francklin.* He whome the diuel driues must go perforce.  
Poore gentleman, how sone he is bewicht!  
And yet, because his wife is the instrument,  
His friends must not be lauish in their speach. [*Exit* FRANCKLIN]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*A street in Feversham.*

*Here enters WILL, SHAKBAGE, and GREENE.*

*Will.* Sirra Greene, when was I so long in killing a man?

*Greene.* I think we shall neuer do it; let vs giue it ouer.

*Shakebagge.* Nay, Zounds! wele kill him, though we be hangd  
at his dore for our labour.

5 *Will.* Thou knowest, Greene, that I haue liued in London  
this twelue yeers, where I haue made some go vppon wodden  
legges for taking the wall on me; dyuers with siluer noses for  
saying 'There goes Black Will!' I haue crackt as many blades  
as thou hast Nutes.

10 *Greene.* O monstrous lye!

140. *an*] a C. — 146. *debate betwixt* C. — 147. *thee*] the A. —  
148. *me* om. C. — 149—150. Given to *Ales* in old Edd.

ACT V. SCENE I. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 2. Div. at *do it* | ABC. —  
3—4. Div. at *him* | *labour* | ABC. — 5—9. Div. at *yeers* | *legges* | *me* | *saying* |  
*Will* | *blades* | *Nutes* | in old Edd. — 7. *on*] of BC. — 9. *hast done Nuts* C,  
Jac., Tyr., and Del.



Will. Faith, in a maner I haue. The bawdie-houses haue paid me tribute; there durst not a whore set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed with me first for opning her shoppe-windowes. For a crosse worde of a Tapster I haue pearced one barrell after another with my dager, and held him by the eares till all his beare hath run out. In Temes-streete a brewers carte was like to haue runne ouer me: I made no more ado, but went to the clark and cut all the notches of his talles and beat them about his head. I and my companye haue taken the Constable from his watch, and carried him about the fields on a coltstaffe. I haue broken a Sarians head with his own mace, and bailed whome I list with my sword and buckler. All the tenpenny-alehouses-men would stand euery morning with a quart-pot in their hand, saying, 'will it please your worship drinke?' He that had not doone so, had beene sure to haue had his Signe puld down and his latice borne away the next night. To conclude, what haue I not done? yet cannot do this; doubtles, he is preserued by Miracle.

*Here enters ALES and MICHAELL.*

*Greene.* Hence, Will! here comes M. Arden.

*Ales.* Ah, gentle Michaell, art thou sure thei'r frends?

*Michaell.* Why, I saw them when they bothe shoke hands. When Mosbie bled, he euen wept for sorrow,  
And raild on Francklin that was cause of all.  
No sooner came the Surgen in at doores,  
But my Master tooke to his purse and gaue him money,  
And, to conclude, sent me to bring you word  
That Mosbie, Francklin, Bradshaw, Adam Fowle,  
With diuers of his neighbors and his frends,  
Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

*Ales.* Ah, gentle Michaell, runne thou bak againe,  
And, when my husband walkes into the faire,

11—28. Div. at *haue* | *tribute* | *aggreed* | *windowes* | *Tapster* | *dager* | *out* | *head* | *watch* | *coltstaffe* | *mace* | *buckler* | *morning* | *hand* | *drinke* | *had* | *his* | *night* | *this* | *Miracle* | in old Edd. — 15. *by*] *be* ABC. — 18. *cut off* C; *tallies* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 20. *him* om. C. — 23. *men* first add. by Jac. — 24. *their*] *his* A; *hands* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 26. *Singne* A. — 35. *to* om. C; read *But my Ma|ster took | to 's purse* |. — 39. *at our house* one foot.

Bid Mosbie steale from him and come to me;  
And this night shal thou and Susan be made sure.

*Michael.* Ile go tell him.

45 *Ales.* And as thou goest, tell John cooke of our guests,  
And bid him lay it on, spare for no coast. [*Exit* MICHAEL.

*Will.* Nay, and there be such cheere, we wil bid our selues. —  
Mistres Arden, Dick Greene and I do meane to sup with you.

*Ales.* And welcome shall you be. Ah, gentlemen,  
50 How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

*Greene.* Twas long of Shakebag, that unluckye villaine.

*Shakebagge.* Thou doest me wrong; I did as much as any.

*Will.* Nay then, M. Arden, Ile tell you how it was:  
When he should haue lockt with both his hilts,  
55 He in a brauery florisht ouer his head;  
With that comes Francklin at him lustely,  
And hurts the slaue; with that he slinks away.  
Now his way had bene to haue come hand and feete,  
One and two round, at his costerd: he lyke a foole  
60 Beares his sword-point halfe a yarde out of danger.  
I lye here for my lyfe; if the deuill come,  
And he haue no more strength than I haue fence,  
He shall neuer beat me from this warde, Ile stand to it;  
A buckler in a skilfull hand

65 Is as good as a castell,  
Nay, tis better then a sconce, for I have tryde it.  
Mosbie, perceiuing this, began to faint:  
With that comes Arden with his arming sword,  
And thrust him through the shoulder in a tryce.

70 *Ales.* I, but I wonder why you both stooode still.

*Will.* Faith, I was so amazed, I could not strike.

*Ales.* Ah, sirs, had he yesternight bene slaine,  
For euery drop of his detested bloode  
I would haue cramd in Angels in thy fist,  
75 And kist thee, too, and hugd thee in my armes.

*Will.* Patient your selfe, we can not help it now.

43. *shalt* C; read *And | this night |*. — 47. *we'll* C. — 48. Div. at *Arden* | Del. — 58—62. Div. at *costerd | lyfe | fence |* in old Edd.; printed as prose by Del. (58—66). — 58. *haue* om. C. — 62. *I haue* not in Edd. — 74. *I would cramme* A; *crammed angels* Del. — 75. *mine* BC.

Greene and we two will dogge him through the faire,  
And stab him in the croud, and steale away.

*Here enters MOSBYE.*

*Ales.* It is vnpossible; but here comes he  
That will, I hope, inuent some surer means. 80  
*Swete Mosbie,* hide thy arme, it kills my hart.

*Mosbie.* I, mistres Arden, this is your fauour.

*Ales.* Ah, say not so; for when I sawe thee hurt,  
I could haue toke the weapon thou letst fall, 85  
And runne at Arden; for I haue sworne  
That these mine eyes, offended with his sight,  
Shall neuer close till Ardens be shut vp.

This night I rose and walkt about the chamber,  
And twise or thrise I thought to haue murthred him.

*Mosbie.* What, in the night? then had we bene vndone. 90

*Ales.* Why, how long sha<sup>ll</sup> he liue?

*Mosbie.* Faith, *Ales*, no longer then this night. —  
Black Will and Shakebag, w<sup>ill</sup> you two performe  
The complot that I haue laid?

*Will.* I, or els think me a villaine. 95

*Greene.* And rather then you shall want, Ile helpe my selfe.

*Mosbie.* You, M. Greene, shal single Francklin foorth,  
And hould him with a long tale of strange newes,  
That he may not come home till suppertime.  
Ile fetch M. Arden home, and we like frends 100  
Will play a game or two at tables here.

*Ales.* But what of all this? how shall he be slaine?

*Mosbie.* Why, Black Wil and Shakebag lockt within the  
Shall at a certain watchword giuen rush foorth. [countinghouse

*Will.* What shall the watch-word be? 105

*Mosbie.* 'Now I take you' that shall be the word:  
But come not forth before in any case.

*Will.* I warrant you. But who shall lock me in?

*Ales.* That will I do; thou'st kepe the key thy selfe.

93—94. Div. at *two* | in ABC and Edd. — 95. *as a* A and Tyr. —  
96. Two lines, div. at *want* | in ABC. — 102. Two lines, div. at *this* | in  
ABC. — 103. *Why* put in a line by itself by Del. — 109. *do* om. C; *thou'll*  
C and Del. (*thou'st* = *thou mayst*).

110 *Mosbie.* — Come, M. Greene, go you along with me.  
See all things ready, Ales, against we come.

*Ales.* Take no care for that; send you him home,  
[*Exeunt MOSBIE and GREENE.*

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me.

Comé, Blacke Will, that in mine eies art faire;

115 Next vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee;  
Instead of faire wordes and large promises  
My hands shall play you goulden harmonie:  
How like you this? say, will you doe it, sirs?

*Will.* I, and that brauely too. Marke my deuice:

120 Place Mosbie, being a stranger, in a chaire,  
And let your husband sit vpon a stoole,  
That I may come behind him cunninglie,  
And with a towell pull him to the ground,  
Then stab him till his flesh be as a siue;  
125 That doone, beare him behind the Abby,  
That those that finde him murthered may suppose  
Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

*Ales.* A fine deuice: you shall haue twenty pound,  
And when he is dead, you shal haue forty more.  
130 And, least you might be suspected staying heere,  
Michael shall saddle you two lusty geldings;  
Ryde whether you will, to Scotland, or to Wales,  
He see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

*Will.* Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.

135 Giue me the key: which is the countinghouse?

*Ales.* Here would I stay and still encourage you,  
But that I know how resolute you are.

*Shakebagge.* Tush, you are too faint-hearted; we must do it.

*Ales.* But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks  
140 Will ad vnwounded courage to my thought,  
And make me the first that shall aduenture on him.

*Will.* Tush, get you gone; tis we must do the deede.  
When this doore opens next, looke for his death.

[*Exeunt WILL and SHAKEBAG.*

114. *my C.* — 124. Mr. Bullen reads by mistake *him fine till; sine A.* —  
130. Read *And | least you |.* — 141. Read *And | make me |.* — 143. Stage-  
dir. wanting in Edd.

*Ales.* Ah, would he now were here that it might open!  
 I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes, 145  
 That lyke the snakes of blacke Tisiphone  
 Sting me with their embraceings: Mosbies Armes  
 Shal compasse me, and, were I made a starre,  
 I would haue none other spheres but those.  
 There is no nector but in Mosbies lypes! 150  
 Had chast Diana kist him, she like me  
 Would grow loue-sicke and from her watrie bower  
 Fling down Endimion and snatch him vp:  
 Then blame not me that slay a silly man  
 Not halfe so louely as Endimion. 155

*Here enters MICHAELL.*

*Michaell.* Mistres, my maister is comming hard by.

*Ales.* Who comes with him?

*Michaell.* Nobody but Mosbye.

*Ales.* Thats well, Michaell. Fetch in the tables,  
 And when thou hast done, stand before the countinghouse-doore. 160

*Michaell.* Why so?

*Ales.* Black Will is lockt within to do the deede.

*Michaell.* What? shall he die to night?

*Ales.* I, Michaell.

*Michaell.* But shall not Susan know it? 165

*Ales.* Yes, for shele be as secreete as our selues.

*Michaell.* Thats braue. Ile go fetch the tables.

*Ales.* But, Michaell, hearke to me a word or two:  
 When my husband is come in, lock the streete-doore;  
 He shall be murthred, or the guests come in. [*Exit MICHAELL.* 170

*Here enters ARDEN and MOSBIE.*

Husband, what meane you to bring Mosby home?

Although I wisht you to be reconciled,

Twass more for feare of you then loue of him.

Black Will and Greene are his companions,

And they are cutters, and may cut you shorte: 175

147. *embracing* Del. — 150. *Nectar* C. — 153. *snath* A. — 155. New scene in Tyr., stage-dir. *A room in Arden's House.* — 167. Read *I will.* — 170. *or]* *ere* C, *or e'er* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 172. *Althought* A.

Therefore I thought it good to make you frends.

But wherefore do you bring him hether now?

You have giuen me my supper with his sight.

*Mosbie.* M. Arden, me thinks your wife would haue me gone.

180 *Arden.* No, good M. Mosbie; women will be prating.

Ales, bid him welcome; he and I are frends.

*Ales.* You may inforce me to it, if you will;

But I had rather die then bid him welcome.

His company hath purchest me ill frends,

185 And therefore wil I nere frequent it more.

*Mosbie.* — Oh, how cunningly she can dissemble!

*Arden.* Now he is here, you wil not serue me so.

*Ales.* I pray you be not angree or displeased;

Ile bid him welcome, seeing youle haue it so.

190 You are welcome, M. Mosbie; will you sit down?

*Mosbie.* I know I am welcome to your louing husband;

But for your selfe, you speake not from your hart.

*Ales.* And if I do not, sir, think I haue cause.

*Mosbie.* Pardon me, M. Arden; Ile away.

195 *Arden.* No, good M. Mosbie.

*Ales.* We shal haue guests enough, thogh you go hence.

*Mosbie.* I pray you, M. Arden, let me go.

*Arden.* I pray thee, Mosbie, let her prate her fill.

*Ales.* The dores are open, sir, you may be gone.

200 *Michaell.* — Nay, thats a lye, for I haue lockt the dores.

*Arden.* Sirra, fetch me a cup of Wine, Ile make them frends.

And, gentle M. Ales, seeing you are so stout,

You shal beginne: frowne not, Ile haue it so.

*Ales.* I pray you meddle with that you haue to do.

205 *Arden.* Why, Ales! how can I do too much for him

Whose lyfe I haue endaungered without cause?

*Ales.* Tis true; and, seeing twas partly through my means,

I am content to drinke to him for this once.

Here, M. Mosbie! and I pray you, henceforth

210 Be you as straunge to me as I to you.

Your company hath purchased me ill frends,

180. *prattling* BC. — 201. Two lines in ABC, div. at *Wine* |. —  
210. *Be as* C.

And I for you, God knowes, haue vndererued  
 Beene ill spoken of in euery place;  
 Therefore hencefoorth frequent my house no more.

*Mosbie.* Ile see your husband in dispight of you. 215

Yet, Arden, I protest to thee by heauen,  
 Thou nere shalt see me more after this night.  
 Ile go to Roome rather then be forsworne.

*Arden.* Tush, Ile haue no such vowes made in my house.

*Ales.* Yes, I pray you, husband, let him sweare; 220  
 And, on that condition, Mosbie, pledge me here.

*Mosbie.* I, as willingly as I meane to liue.

*Arden.* Come, Ales, is our supper ready yet?

*Ales.* It will by then you haue plaid a game at tables.

*Arden.* Come, M. Mosbie, what shall we play for? 225

*Mosbie.* Three games for a french crowne, sir, and please you.

*Arden.* Content.

*Then they play at the tables. Enter WILL and SHAKEBAG.*

*Will.* — Can he not take him yet? what a spight is that?

*Ales.* — Not yet, Will; take hede he see thee not.

*Will.* — I feare he will spy me as I am coming. 230

*Michaell.* — To preuent that, creepe betwixt my legs.

*Mosbie.* One ace, or els I lose the game.

*Arden.* Mary, sir, theres two for fayling.

*Mosbie.* Ah, M. Arden, 'now I can take you.'

*Then Will pulles him downe with a towvell.*

*Arden.* Mosbie! Michaell! Ales! what will you do? 235

*Will.* Nothing but take you vp, sir, nothing els.

*Mosbie.* Thers for the pressing Iron you tould me of.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Shakebagge.* And ther's for the ten pound in my sleeue.

[*Stabs him.*]

*Ales.* What! grones thou? nay, then giue me the weapon!

Take this for hindring Mosbies loue and mine. [*She stabs him.*] 240

*Michaell.* O, Mistres!

*Will.* Ah, that villaine wil betray vs all.

*Mosbie.* Tush, feare him not; he will be secrete.

220. Read *Yes* | *I pray* |. — 221. Read *And* | *on that* |; *Mosbie* om. C. —  
 228. *yet* om. C. — 230. *espy* Tyr. — 237 seqq. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. —  
 239. *gronest* C.

*Michael.* Why, dost thou think I will betray my selfe?

245 *Shakebagge.* In Southwarke dwels a bonnie northerne lasse,  
The widow Chambley; ile to her house now,  
And if she will not giue me harborough,  
Ile make bootie of the queane euen to her smocke.

*Will.* Shift for your selues; we two will leane you now.

250 *Ales.* First lay the bodie in the countinghouse.

*Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.*

*Will.* We hane our gould; mistris Ales, adew;

Mosbie, farewell, and Michael, farewell too.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter SUSAN.*

*Susan.* Mistres, the guests are at the doores.

Hearken, they knocke: what, shall I let them in?

255 *Ales.* Mosbie, go thou and beare them companie.

[*Exit MOSBIE.*

And, Susan, fetch water and wash away this bloode.

*Susan.* The bloode cleaueth to the ground and will not out.

*Ales.* But with my nailes ile scrape away the blood; —

The more I striue, the more the blood appeares!

260 *Susan.* Whats the reason, M., can you tell?

*Ales.* Because I blush not at my husbands death.

*Here enters MOSBIE.*

*Mosbie.* How now? whats the matter? is all well?

*Ales.* I, wel, if Arden were aliue againe.

In vaine we striue, for here his blood remains.

265 *Mosbie.* Why, strew rushes on it, can you not?

This wench doth nothing: fall vnto the worke.

*Ales.* Twas thou that made me murther him.

*Mosbie.* What of that?

*Ales.* Nay, nothing, Mosbie, so it be not known.

270 *Mosbie.* Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpossible.

*Ales.* Ah, but I can not! was he not slaine by me?

My husbands death torments me at the hart.

*Mosbie.* It shall not long torment thee, gentle Ales;

I am thy husband, thinke no more of him.

256. *this]* the Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 267. *madest* C.



*Here enters ADAM FOWLE and BRADSHAW.*

*Bradshaw.* How now, M. Arden? what ayle you weepe? 275

*Mosbie.* Because her husband is abroad so late.

A cupple of Ruffins threatned him yesternight,

And she, poore soule, is affraid he should be hurt.

*Adam.* Ist nothing els? tush, hele be here anone.

*Here enters GREENE.*

*Greene.* Now, M. Arden, lacke you any guests? 280

*Als.* Ah, M. Greene, did you se my husband lately?

*Greene.* I saw him walking behinde the Abby euen now.

*Here enters FRANCKLIN.*

*Als.* I do not like this being out so late. —

M. Francklin, where did you leaue my husband?

*Francklin.* Beleeue me I saw him not since Morning. 285

Feare you not, hele come anone; meane time

You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

*Als.* I, so they shall; M. Bradshaw, sit you there;

I pray you, be content, Ile haue my will. †

M. Mosbie, sit you in my husbands seat. - 290

*Michaell.* — Susan, shall thou and I wait on them?

Or, and thou saist the word, let vs sit down too.

*Susan.* — Peace, we haue other matters now in hand.

I feare me, Michaell, al wilbe bewraied.

*Michaell.* — Tush, so it be knowne that I shal marry thee 295

In the Morning, I care not though I be hangde ere night.

But to preuent the worst, Ile by some rats-bane.

*Susan.* — Why, Michael, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

*Michaell.* — No, but my mistres, for I feare shele tell.

*Susan.* — Tush, Michel; feare not her, she's wise enough. 300

*Mosbie.* — Sirra Michell, giues a cup of beare. —

M. Arden, heers to your husband.

*Als.* My husband!

*Francklin.* What ailes you, woman, to crie so suddenly?

278. *she*] *the Bullen* (by mistake). — 282. Read *'hinde*. — 294. *betray'd* Tyr. — 295—297. Printed as prose by Del. — 301. *giues*, i. e. *giue us*, as mod. Edd. print

305 *Ales.* Ah, neighbors, a sudden qualm came ouer my hart;  
My husband being foorth torments my mynde.  
I know some thing's amisse, he is not well;  
Or els I should haue heard of him ere now.

*Mosbie.* — She will vnda vs through her foolishnes.

310 *Greene.* Feare not, M. Arden, he's well enough.

*Ales.* Tell not me; I know he is not well:

He was not wount for to stay thus late.

Good M. Francklin, go and seeke him foorth,

And if you finde him, send him home to mee,

315 And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.

*Francklin.* — I lyke not this; I pray God all be well.

Ile seeke him out, and find him if I can.

[*Exeunt* FRANKLIN, MOSBIE, and GREENE.]

*Ales.* — Michael, how shall I doo to rid the rest away?

*Michael.* — Leaue that to my charge, let me alone.

320 Tis very late, M. Bradshaw,

And there are many false knaues abroad,

And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

*Bradshaw.* Faith, frend Michael, and thou saiest trew.

Therefore I pray thee lights foorth and lends a linck.

[*Exeunt* BRADSHAW, ADAM, and MICHAEL.]

325 *Ales.* Michael, bring them to the dores, but doo not stay;  
You know I do not loue to be alone.

— Go, Susan, and bid thy brother come:

But wherefore should he come? Heere is nought but feare;

Stay, Susan, stay, and helpe to counsell me.

330 *Susan.* Alas, I counsell! feare frights away my wits.

*Then they open the countinghouse-doore and looke vpon* ARDEN.

*Ales.* See, Susan, where thy quandam Maister lyes,  
Sweete Arden, smeard in bloode and filthy gore.

*Susan.* My brother, you, and I shall rue this deede.

*Ales.* Come, Susan, help to lift his body forth,

335 And let our salt teares be his obsequies.

306. *husband's* Del.; *deing* A. — 321. *false* may be considered as a disyllable. — 322. *narrow* om. C. — 324. Read *light us*. — 328. *Here's* C. — 331. *quondam* C. — 332. *filthy* om. BC.

*Here enters MOSBIE and GREENE.*

*Mosbie.* How now, Ales, whether will you beare him?

*Ales.* Sweete Mosbie, art thou come? Then weepe that will:  
I haue my wishe in that I ioy thy sight.

*Greene.* Well, it houes vs to be circumspect.

*Mosbie.* I, for Francklin thinks that we haue murthred him. 340

*Ales.* I, but he can not proue it for his lyfe.  
Wele spend this night in daliance and in sport.

*Here enters MICHAELL.*

*Michael.* O mistres, the Maior and all the watch  
Are comming towards our house with glaues and billes.

*Ales.* Make the dore fast; let them not come in. 345

*Mosbie.* Tell me, swete Ales, how shal I escape?

*Ales.* Out at the back-dore, ouer the pyle of woode,  
And for one night ly at the Flour-de-Luce.

*Mosbie.* That is the next way to betray my selfe.

*Greene.* Alas, M. Arden, the watch will take me here, 350  
And cause suspition, where els would be none.

*Ales.* Why, take that way that M. Mosbie dooth;  
But first conuey the body to the fields.

*Then they beare the body into the fields.*

*Mosbie.* Vntil to morrow, sweete Ales, now farewell:  
And see you confesse nothing in any case. 355

*Greene.* Be resolute, M. Ales, betray vs not,  
But cleaue to vs as we wil stick to you.

*[Exeunt MOSBIE and GREENE.]*

*Ales.* Now, let the iudge and iuries do their worst:  
My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

*Susan.* As we went, it snowed al the way, 360  
Which makes me feare our footsteps will be spyed.

*Ales.* Peace, foole, the snow wil couer them againe.

*Susan.* But it had done before we came back againe.

*Ales.* Hearke, hearke, they knocke! go, Michael, let them in.

337. Two lines, div. at *come* | ABC. — 339. *behoves* Del.; *us for to* Tyr. — 343. *all* om. C. — 363. Read *'fore*. — 364. Two lines, div. at *knocke* | ABC.

*Here enters the MAIOR and the WATCH.*

365 How now, M. Maior, haue you brought my husband home?

*Maior.* I sawe him come into your house an hour agoe.

*Ales.* You are deceiued; it was a Londoner.

*Maior.* Mistress Arden, know you not one that is called  
[Blacke Will?

*Ales.* I know none such: what meane these questions?

370 *Maior.* I haue the counsels warrand to aprehend him.

*Ales.* — I am glad it is no worse.

Why, M. maior, thinke you I harbour any such?

*Maior.* We are informd that here he is;

And therefore pardon vs, for we must search.

375 *Ales.* I, search, and spare you not, through euery roome:  
Were my husband at home, you would not offer this.

*Here enters FRANCKLIN.*

M. Francklin, what meane you come so sad?

*Francklin.* Arden, thy husband and my freend, is slaine.

*Ales.* Ah! by whome? M. Francklin, can you tell?

380 *Francklin.* I know not; but behind the abby  
There he lyes murthred in most pittious case.

*Maior.* But, M. Francklin, are you sure tis he?

*Francklin.* I am too sure; would God I were deceiued.

*Ales.* Finde out the Murthrers, let them be knowne.

385 *Francklin.* I, so they shall; come you along with vs.

*Ales.* Wherefore?

*Francklin.* Know you this handtowel and this knyfe?

*Susan.* — Ah, Michael, through this thy negligence  
Thou hast betraied and vndone vs all.

390 *Michaell.* — I was so affraide I knew not what I did:  
I thought I had throwne them both into the well.

*Ales.* It is the pigs bloode we had to supper.

But wherefore stay you? finde out the murthrers.

*Maior.* I feare me youle proue one of them your selfe.

395 *Ales.* I one of them? what meane such questions?

*Francklin.* I feare me he was murthred in this house  
And carried to the fields; for from that place

365. *M.* om. Del. — 368. Div. at *one* | in old Edd. — 382. *you* om. C. —  
384. *Murthrers* is to be read as a trisyllable.

Backwards and forwards may you see  
 The print of many feete within the snow.  
 And looke about this chamber where we are, 400  
 And you shall finde part of his gittles bloode;  
 For in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes,  
 Which argueth he was murthred in this roome.

*Maior.* Looke in the place where he was wont to sit.  
 See, see! his blood! it is too manifest. 405

*Ales.* It is a cup of wine that Michaelled shed.

*Michaelled.* I, truely.

*Francklin.* It is his bloode, which, strumpet, thou hast shed.  
 But if I liue, thou and thy complices  
 Which haue conspired and wrought his death shall rue it. 410

*Ales.* Ah, M. Francklin, God and heauen can tell  
 I loued him more than all the world beside.  
 But bring me to him, let me see his body.

*Francklin.* Bring that villaine and Mosbies sister too;  
 And one of you go to the Flowre-de-Luce, 415  
 And seeke for Mosbie, and apprehend him to. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An obscure street in London.*

*Here enters SHAKEBAG solus.*

*Shakebagge.* The widdow Chamblly in her husbands dayes I kept;  
 And now he's dead, she is growne so stout  
 She will not know her ould companions.  
 I came thither, thinking to haue had harbour  
 As I was wount, 5  
 And she was ready to thrust me out at doores;  
 But whether she would or no, I got me vp,  
 And as she followed me, I spurnd her down the stairs,  
 And broke her neck, and cut her tapsters throat,  
 And now I am going to sling them in the Temes. 10  
 I haue the gould; what care I though it be knowne!  
 Ile crosse the water and take sanctuary. [*Exit.*]

410. Two lines, div. at *death* | in old Edd. — 416. *to* om. Jac., Tyr., and Del.

SCENE II. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 1—2. Div. at *dayes* | by Del. —  
 2. *has* Tyr. — 4—5. Div. at *had* | in old Edd., corr. by Del. — 7. *got*] *goe*  
 C, Jac. and Tyr. — 8. *spurnd* C.

## SCENE III.

*Arden's House at Feversham.**Here enters the MAIOR, MOSBIE, ALES, FRANCKLIN, MICHAELL,  
and SUSAN.**Maïor.* See, M. Arden, where your husband lyes;  
Confesse this foule fault and be penitent.*Ales.* Arden, sweete husband, what shall I say?  
The more I sound his name, the more he bleedeth;  
5 This bloode condemnes me, and in gushing foorth  
Speakes as it falles, and askes me why I did it.  
Forgiue me, Arden: I repent me nowe,  
And, would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not dye.  
Ryse vp, swete Arden, and enjoy thy lone,  
10 And frowne not on me when we mete in heauen:  
1 In heauen I'll loue thee, though on earth I did not.*Maïor.* Say, Mosby, what made thee murther him?*Francklin.* Study not for an answer; looke not down:  
His purse and girdle found at thy beds head  
15 Witnes sufficiently thou didst the deede;  
It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.*Mosbie.* I hyred Black Will and Shakebagge, Ruffynes both,  
And they and I haue done this murthrous deed.  
But wherefore stay we? Come and beare me hence.20 *Francklin.* Those Ruffins shall not escape; I will vp to London,  
And get the counsels warrand to apprehend them. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The Kentish Coast.**Here enters WILL.**Will.* Shakebag, I heare, hath taken sanctuary,  
But I am so pursued with hues and cryes  
For petty robberies that I haue done,  
That I can come vnto no Sanctuary.

SCENE III. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 11. *I'll*] *I* ABC, corr. by Tyr.  
— 19. Two lines, div. at *we* | in old Edd.. — 19. *Come*] *Command* Jac.,  
Tyr., and Del. — 20—21. Two lines, div. at *escape* | ABC; *vp* om. C, Jac.,  
Tyr., and Del.

SCENE IV. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr.

Therefore must I in some Oyster-bote 5  
 At last be faine to go a boord some Hoyer,  
 And so to Flushing. There is no staying here.  
 At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me,  
 And had not I with my buckler couerd my head,  
 And run full blanck at all aduentures, 10  
 I am sure I had nere gone further then that place;  
 For the Constable had 20 warrands to apprehend me,  
 Besides that, I robbed him and his Man once at Gades hill.  
 Farewell, England; Ile to Flushing now. [*Exit WILL.*]

## SCENE V.

*Justice-Room at Feversham.*

*Here enters the* MAIOR, MOSBYE, ALES, MICHAELL, SUSAN,  
*and* BRADSHAW.

*Maior.* Come, make haste and bring away the prisoners.

*Bradshaw.* M. Arden, you are now going to God,  
 And I am by the law condemned to die  
 About a letter I brought from M. Greene.  
 I pray you, M. Arden, speak the trueth: 5  
 Was I euer priuie to your intent or no.

*Ales.* What should I say? You brought me such a letter,  
 But I dare sweare thou knewest not the contents.  
 Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things,  
 And let me meditate vpon my sauour Christ, 10  
 Whose bloode must saue me for the bloode I shed.

*Mosbie.* How long shall I liue in this hell of grieffe?  
 Convey me from the presence of that strumpet.

*Ales.* Ah, but for thee I had neuer beene a strumpet.  
 What can not oathes and protestations doe, 15  
 When men haue opportunity to woe?

5. Read *There | fore must |*. — 8. *Sittingburg C, Sittingburn Jac., Tyr., and Del.* — 10. *ran Jac., Tyr., and Del.* — 12. Read *For the Cón | stable | had twen | ty warrands | t'apprehénd | me|*. — 13. Read *'Sides that |*

SCENE V. Stage-dir. add. by Tyr. — 6. Read *Was I | e'er pri | vy to your |*. — 7. Two lines in old Edd. — 14. *a* first add. by Jac. — 16. *woo C.*

I was too young to sound thy villanies,  
But now I finde it and repent too late.

*Susan.* Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should I die?

20 I knew not of it till the deed was don.

*Mosbie.* For thee I mourne more then for my selfe;  
But let it suffice, I can not saue thee now.

*Michael.* And if your brother and my Mistres  
Had not promised me you in marriage,  
25 I had nere giuen consent to this foule deede.

*Maio.* Leaue to accuse each other now,  
And listen to the sentence I shall giue:  
Beare Mosbie and his sister to London straight,  
Where they in Smithfield must be executed;  
30 Beare M. Arden vnto Canterburye,  
Where her sentence is she must be burnt;  
Michael and Bradshaw in Feuershame must suffer death.

*Ales.* Let my death make amends for all my sinnes.

*Mosbie.* Fy vpon women! this shall be my song;  
35 But beare me hence, for I haue liued to long.

*Susan.* Seing no hope on earth, in heauen is my hope.

*Michael.* Faith, I care not, seeing I die with Susan.

*Bradshaw.* My bloode be on his head that gaue the sentence.

*Maio.* To speedy execution with them all! [Exeunt.

## SCENE VI.

*Here enters FRANCKLIN.*

*Francklin.* Thus haue you seene the trueth of Ardens death.  
As for the Ruffins, Shakbag and Blacke Will,  
The one tooke Sanctuary, and, being sent for out,  
Was murthred in Southwark as he past  
5 To Greenewitch, where the Lord Protector lay.  
Black Will was burnt in Flushing on a stage;  
Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent;

21. *mourne* to be pronounced as a disyllable. — 22. *But* om. Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 25. *neuer* BC. — 31. *Where as* Jac., Tyr., Del.; cp. ad. l. 21. — 32. Two lines, div. at *Feversham* | Del. — 33. *sinne* C, Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 38. *that*] *who* Del.

SCENE VI. 6. *at a stake* Jac., Tyr., and Del. — 7. *Osbringe* Jac. and Tyr., *Ospring* Del.



The Painter fled and how he dyed we know not.  
But this about the rest is to be noted :  
Arden lay murthred in that plot of ground 10  
Which he by force and violence held from Rede ;  
And in the grasse his bodyes print was seene  
Two yeeres and more after the deede was done.  
Gentlemen, we hope youle pardon this naked Tragedy,  
Wherin no filed points are foisted in 15  
To make it gracious to the eare or eye ;  
For simple trueth is gracious enough,  
And needes no other points of glosing stuffe. [*Exit.*]

THE END.

## NOTES.

### ACT I.

2. 'And here we see a sign of the times, for it was land once appertaining to Feversham Abbey that Greene lost and Arden got, the Protector Somerset, like the late most dread sovereign Henry, bestowing liberally to others, both goods and lands, that never lawfully were his to have, to hold and give to others.' Donne, l. c., p. 8.

✓ 42. *planchers*, i. e. planks, floor.

50. *as securely*, i. e. as if thou wert quite secure. Cp. II. 2. 203 *as unsuspected*.

52. Tieck:

*'Ein Weib vergeht sich nicht, lässt man sie frei,  
Doch sündigt leicht, wird sie zu streng gehalten.'*

60. Cp. Ov. Amor. l. I. 13:

*Jam super oceanum venit a seniore mari's  
Flava pruinoso quae vehit axe diem.  
Quo properas Aurora?*

9 *Quo properas, ingrata viris, ingrata puellis?  
Roscida purpurea supprime lora manu!*

35 *Tithono vellem de te narrare liceret:*

*Femina non caelo turpior ulla foret.  
Illum dum refugis longe, quia grandior aevo,  
Surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas.  
At si, quem malis, Cephalum complexa teneres,  
Clamares 'lente currile, noctis equi.'*

99. Tieck:

*'Doch jener hat den Zwang nur als sein Recht,  
Dass mich der Ehestand mit ihm verbunden.'*

✓ 105. *Flower-de-Luce*, 'an inn, formerly situated in Abbey Street, nearly opposite Arden's house'. Donne.

✓ 151. *sure*, i. e. betrothed. Cp. Wiv. V. 5. 237: *she and I are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us*.

154. On tapestry-hangings very often some love-story was represented, generally in eight divisions or fields, and with some

explanatory verses at the bottom. Cp. Molière, *l'Avare* II. 1: *une tenture de tapisserie des amours de Gombaud et de Macée*.

167. 'It was popularly supposed that a virgin might save a criminal from the gallows by offering to marry him.' Bullen. Mr. Bullen, besides, refers to a Note in his edition of Marston III. 190—191.

174. Bolton, 'Boughton, looking down on Canterbury.' Donne.

✓ 197. Cp. *these two have liced me hither to this place* Tit. II. 3. 92.

214. As the sailor must listen to the Mermaid's song, and the traveller must look at the Basilisk, so I must listen to thy words and must be reconciled to thee, though knowing that it will be my overthrow.

252. Tieck:

*'Denn wie scharfsinn'ge Dichter, deren Lieder  
Von ihrem Nectarmahl die Götter locken,  
Dass sie ihr Ohr herab zur Erde neigen,  
Der heil'gen Mus' in Demuth viel geloben.'*

301. Tieck:

*'Mosbie, was jene Ländereien betrifft,  
Mein sind sie durch des Königs Brief und Siegel.  
Doch fehlt mir noch ein Schutzbrief für mein Weib,  
Man sagt, ihr wollt mir ihre Liebe rauben.'*

312. *The statute makes against artificers.* '37 Edward III. c. 9. Bullen.

✓ 314. *Your spanish needle.* 'The making of Spanish needles was first taught in England by Elias Crowse a Germane about the eight yeere of Queene Elizabeth, and in Queen Maries time there was a Negro made fine Spanish Needles in Cheape-side, but would never teach his Art to any.' Bullen, quoted from Howe's Stowe, 1631, p. 1038.

315. I warrant that I take it from you.

✓ 383. *Methridate*, an antidote against poison, so called from Mithridates, King of Pontus, the supposed inventor.

✓ 422. *goodly*, used ironically, as often in Shakespeare.

✓ 466. *the lands are his in state*, i. e. he possesses them for life. Tieck: *'die Güter sind sein eigen.'*

✓ 523. *to wager* seems to have been possessed of the meaning 'to pay wages'. Cp. the use of *wage* a) = to bet, b) = to pay wages to, to remunerate: *he waged me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary* Cor. V. 6. 40, 41. *Abundance of treasure which he had in store wherewith he might wage soldiers* Holinshed (qu. by Webster).

✓ 546. Cp. *to be in books* (i. e. memorandum-book), i. e. to be in favour: *the gentleman is not in your books* Ado I. 1. 79; *a herald, Kate? O put me in thy books* Shr. II. 225.

✓ 548. Though we have met with no other instance for the substantive *gree* = *agreement*, yet it seems not necessary to alter the reading of the old Edd. The verb *gree* = *agree* (l. 571) is often used by Shakespeare.

597. Tieck:

*'Der Maler mischt die Farben nach dem Leben,  
Im Lieben malt sein Pinsel keinen Schatten.'*

## ACT II.

1. 52. Cp. Jew of Malta:

*He sent a shaggy tottered staring slave,  
That when he speaks draws out his grisly beard,  
And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;  
Whose face has been a grindstone for men's words.'*

Qu. by Bullen, Introd., p. XIV.

✓ 1. 54. *watchet*, pale or light blue; *watchet mantle* Spenser (not Shak.).

ib. *all to*, altogether; cp. Abbott, Sh. Gr., s. 436 (not Shak.).

✓ 1. 56. *seam-rent*, i. e. torn at the seams, poor, ragged. *seam-rent fellows* Ben Jonson (not Shak.).

✓ 1. 96. *platforme*, plan, scheme; cp. *lay new platforms to endamage them* 1 H. VI., II. 1. 77.

✓ 1. 111. *bate*, i. e. *bait*, to take a portion of food and drink for refreshment on a journey. *'My Lord's coach conveyed me to Bury, and thence bailing at Newmarket.'* Evelyn, qu. by Webster.

2. 29. Tieck:

*'Noch um dein Leben schreib ihr eine Zeile.'*

✓ 2. 51. *ould*, copious, plentiful; cp. *here will be an old abusing of God's patience* Wiv. I. 4. 5; *yonder's old coil at hand* Ado V. 2. 98.

✓ 2. 63. *counter*, name of a prison in London. Cp. *'she sent eight shillings by her man, in a violet coat, to Anne Ayscough, when imprisoned in the Counter.'* Fuller.

2. 67. Tieck, like Delius, attributes this line to Greene; but we can hardly suppose that Greene would continue, as he does, *I met him and Francklin going merrily to the ordinarye.*

2. 82. *Omittance is no quittance* As III. 5. 133.

✓ 2. 96. *quarterige*, i. e. quarterly allowance.

✓ 2. 110. *staruen*, i. e. starved, hungry. Cp. *thy desires are wol-vish, bloody, starved, and ravenous* Merch. IV. 1. 138.

## ACT III.

✓ 1. 5. *cooch*, i. e. *couch* = spread. Cp. the expression *couch-grass*, a species of grass which extends rapidly its roots and is

very noisome to fields. — Delius' conjecture has been taken from Tieck's translation:

*'Die mit dem scharfen Wort den Ruf verstümmeln,  
Und Schande ernten, wie nur Schand' entspriessl.'*

1. 13. *plenisht*, i. e. replenisht; *perisht* is doubtless a mistake.
1. 19. Cp. *there is such confusion in my powers* Merch. III.
2. 179, *sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers* 2 H. VI., II. 1. 183. Tieck: *'Bricht Herzensqual all meine Lebenskräfte.'*
1. 45. *Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth* 2 H. VI., 1. 2. 5; *like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth* Sonn. 29, 12, 13.
- ✓ 1. 73. *bolstred haire*, cp. Mcb. IV. 1. 123 *blood-boltered*, i. e. having the hair clotted with blood.
- ✓ 1. 76. Cp. *a pack of blessings* Rom. III. 3. 141.
1. 92. Tieck:  
*'Mich an die Stufen auf der Schwelle lehnte.'*
- ✓ 2. 2. Cp. *when snow the pasture sheets* Ant. I. 4. 65.
2. 8. *watch*, 'the time of night as forming part of the day' Al. Schmidt, Shakespeare-Lexicon, s. v.; cp. *at this odd-even and dull watch o' the night* Oth. I. 1. 124.
2. 13. *Speede to my wish*, i. e. ill may speed.
2. 18. A precisian is well described by Harington, Epig. I. 20:  
*The man, affrighted at this apparition,  
Upon recovery grew a great precisian,  
He bought a bible of the new translation,  
And in his life he shew'd great reformation,  
He walk'd mannerly, and talked meekly,  
He heard three lectures, and two sermons weekly.  
He wou'd to shun all companies unruly,  
And in his speech he used no oath but truly;  
And zealously to keep the sabbath's rest,  
His meat for that day on the ev'n was drest.*  
(Qu. by Nares).
- ✓ 2. 41. *coistrell*, a mean paltry fellow. It occurs also Tw. I. 3. 43, Per. IV. 6. 176.
- ✓ 2. 47. *cock-shut light*, 'twilight, the time when the net, termed a *cock-shut*, was spread for snaring woodcocks.' Bullen.
2. 62. Cp. *prick-eared cur of Iceland* H. V., II. 1. 44.
- ✓ 3. 13. *foster*, i. e. forester.
- ✓ 3. 30. *impression*, form, figure. Cp. *an unlicked bear-whelp that carries no impression like the dam* 3 H. VI., III. 2. 161, 162.
3. 40. Cp. *using those thoughts which should indeed have died* Mcb. III. 2. 10.
- ✓ 4. 18. *Rainum Down*. 'The country near Rainham seems in the sixteenth century to have been so open as to have entitled it

to the appellation of a Down. In Shakespearian times this spot had a very bad reputation.' Donne.

4. 21. *nor*. Though we can give no other instance of the use of *nor* after a comparative, yet there seems to be no reason to introduce *than* as modern Edd. have done. Cp. the French construction *il est plus riche tu ne le penses*; and the German *Scheide dich nicht von einer vernünftigen und frommen Frau; denn sie ist edler weder kein Gold* Sirach 7. 21.

✓ 4. 25. *Salutation*, an inn in London, mentioned in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fayre.

5. 3 seqq. Tieck:

\* *'Verstörtes Sinnen treibt mich fort von Menschen,  
Und dörret mir das Mark in wachem Gräbeln;  
Beständ'ge Unruh meines finstern Geistes  
Schwächt mir durch Uebermass des Weins den Leib,  
Und macht mich krank, wie scharfer Nordostwind  
Des Frühlings zarte Blüten trifft mit Frost.'*

✓ 5. 17. *stirry*. Though *stirry* is not given in the dictionaries, there is little doubt that it is to be considered as another form for *stirring*.

5. 51. It is very difficult to hit at the right word for the senseless *pathaires*. As *deep-fet airs*, introduced by Delius, does not give a tolerable sense, we have preferred to print *deep-fet sighs* (cp. *deep-fet groans* 2 H. VI., II. 4. 33), though we are well aware that *sighs* is not consistent with the *ductus litterarum*. Also Tieck translates: '*So tiefe Seufzer.*'

✓ 5. 85. *Forslowde*, i. e. delayed. Cp. *forslow no longer* 3 H. VI., II. 3. 56.

5. 92. Cp. *how are they wrapped in with infamy* Lucr. 636, *I am wrapped in dismal thinkings* All's V. 3. 128.

5. 116. Mr. Bullen puts a stop behind *use*, the sense being: 'in which I am used to read' (?). It seems, however, better to join *use* with *the holy word*. Tieck:

*'Das Andachtsbuch verbrenn' ich wo ich las  
Die heil'gen Worte, die mich bekehrten.'*

5. 118. Tieck:

*'Sich, Mosbie, sieh, die Blätter reiss' ich aus,  
Ja, all die Blätter, dass im goldnen Bande  
Nur deine süssen Wort' und Briefe wohnen.'*

5. 131. *thy good terms*, i. e. the good terms which thou hast received from me.

5. 133. The quarrel which arose between us, has not yet thickened to so thick and impenetrable a fence as to separate us for ever.

5. 142. *fallow land*, i. e. untilled land; the subst. *fallow* in the same sense occurs twice in Shakespeare.

5. 157. A strange mistake of the author. Greene gave Bradshawe the letter, when he went up to London, not after having been in London. Cp. II. 1.

✓ 6. 9. *dagge*, i. e. pistol. See Nares s. v.

✓ 6. 20. *muscado*, i. e. musket, it. *moschetto*.

✓ 6. 26. 'Jack of Feuersham, probably a well-known coward, *Raw tricks of these bragging Jacks* Merch. III. 4.' Donne.

#### ACT IV.

1. 17. Tieck:

'*Mir fehlt der Wert, wenn dir nicht guter Wille.*'

✓ 1. 45. *long home*. Cp. *those that I bring unto their latest home* Tit. I. 83. Delius reads to a *long home*; but perhaps *Long-home* or *Long-holme* was a name of some locality. At any rate, a quibble of *home* and *holm* (a river-isle) is intended. Tieck: '*Sie werden euch Fährleute für die lange Reise sein.*'

✓ 1. 56. *Lordain*. '*Lourden* was a term for a clownish idle person, Fr. *lourdin*.' Bullen.

✓ 1. 77. *brable*, to contest noisily.

✓ 1. 100. *asunder*. We have no other instance of the use of the verb *asunder*.

2. 6. Tieck:

'*Der Nebel kann, mein Freund, benebeln;  
Er raucht wie eines Trunkenboldes Hirn,  
Das er in kräft'ges Bier am Abend tauchte.*'

2. 21. *fasting*, i. e. before breakfast. Cp. *she is not to be kissed fasting* Gentl. III. 1. 326. Tieck:

'*Umsonst nur ist der Tod.  
So nüchtern wie ich bin, erfahrt ihr's nicht.*'

3. 8. *play with a wench a potfinger*. (?) Tieck:

'*Oder mit einer Dirne Versteck zu spielen.*'

✓ 3. 35. *to hough*, to cut the sinews of the ham. — *Hock Monday*. 'The holiday, called Hock Monday, or Hoke day was usually observed on the day following the second Sunday after Easter day. John Rouse, or Ross, the historian of Warwickshire, in which county the holiday was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (if not later) duly observed, says that on high or holy Monday, the people, both men and women, divided into parties, used to hold a rope across the road, barring the way and pulling to them the passers by who were obliged to pay a toll, the sum of which was supposed to be applied to pious uses.' Donne.

3. 60. The sense is: Do not care for me; I shall do it.  
Tieck: '*Lasst mir die Sorge: mich betrifft's zunächst.*'

3. 68. Cp. *brave thee! ay, . . . and beard thee too* 2 IL. VI., IV. 10. 40.

3. 73. Tieck:

*'Ein feiner Anschlag, der 'nen Kuss verdient.'*

4. 2. Johnson explains *liberal*: *frank beyond honesty or decency*.  
Tieck: '*Zu weit ist sein Gewissen, er zu geizig.*'

4. 4. *Shurland* is in the isle of Sheppey.

✓ 4. 24. *day*, i. e. time. Cp. *these seven years' day* 2 H. VI., II. 1. 2.

4. 89. Tieck:

*'Dich zu begrüßen, war der Scherz erdacht.'*

✓ 4. 104. *to link*, used intransitively; cp. *I were loath to link with him that were not lawful chosen* 3 H. VI., III. 3. 113; *to link in liking*, to link in love 1 H. VI., V. 5. 76.

### ACT V.

✓ 1. 18. *notches of his tales*, i. e. notches of his tallies.

✓ 1. 21. *coltstaffe*, i. e. colstaff, a staff for carrying burdens for two persons on their shoulders.

✓ 1. 46. *lay it on*, to fall to work with might and main, to do one's best. Cp. *my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on* Wint. IV. 3. 43.

✓ 1. 68. *arming sword*, a strong two-handed sword. In the ballad of Mary Ambree we are told

*'A helmet of proof she straight did provide,  
A strong arming-sword she girt by her side.'* Bullen.

1. 96. Rather than you, Mr. Mosbie, and Mrs. Arden shall see your wishes frustrated, I will kill Arden myself.

✓ 1. 202. *stout*, proud, overbearing; cp. V. 2. 2.

✓ 1. 232. *for fayling*, i. e. that I may lose. Tieck:  
*'Schl, euch zum Besten da der schlecht'ste Wurf.'*

4. 5. 'The Dutch give a preference to those oysters of the Feversham grounds before all others along this coast.' Donne.

6. 7. *Ospridge in Kent*. Ospridge 'adjoins Feversham.

6. 14 seqq. Tieck:

*'Verzeihung diesem ungeschickten Werk,  
In das nichts Fein-Erdachtes eingeschoben,  
Für Aug' und Ohr es reizend zu bereiten:  
Einfache Wahrheit mag wohl Zier verleihn  
Auch ohne der Erfindung falschen Schein.'*



Aus dem Verlage von MAX NIEMEYER in Halle.

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